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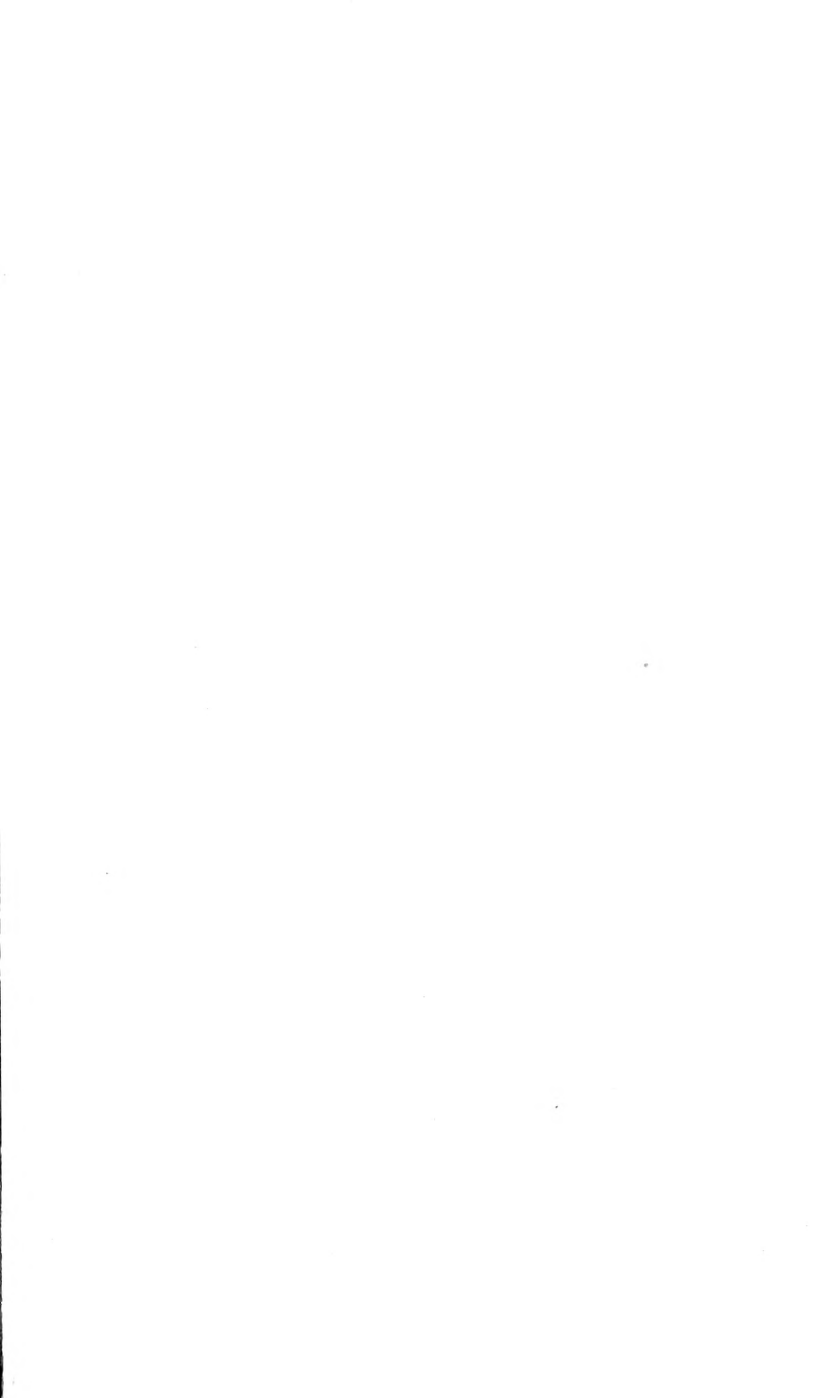
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THE
Village Color-Bearer.



BY

RICHARD H. RYDER.





CAPT.* RICHARD* H.* RYDER.

THE VILLAGE COLOR-BEARER.

TOGETHER WITH

A STORY

OF A

U. S. LIFE-SAVING SERVICE KEEPER.

BY

CAPT. RICHARD H. RYDER.

ILLUSTRATED.

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DEDICATED
TO
THE MEMORY
OF
THE BRAVE AND NOBLE SOLDIERS
OF 1861-65.
OF MY NATIVE VILLAGE, CANARSIE,
AND MY BRAVE
ASSOCIATES OF THE LIFE-SAVING SERVICE.

January, 1890.

RICHARD H. RYDER.

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PREFACE.

I have headed my first little story "The Village Color-Bearer," as in the capacity of Color-Bearer my young heart bounded with patriotism to such an extent that it is with pride I look back upon those dark days ('61-'65). My second story I have dedicated to the memory of my brave associates, as I cherish a fond remembrance of their brave deeds still; and in presenting these two little stories to my beloved family, it is for the purpose that they may know the truth, and not be burdened with exaggerations concerning myself.

RICHARD H. RYDER.

N. B.—The mention made of others in these two little stories, as well as those of myself, have been carefully considered and viewed; and it is with a firm belief that I have truthfully stated all mention herein made, and opinions rendered are from conviction, not biased.

THE VILLAGE COLOR-BEARER.

Oh! war, where is thy glory
Outside of thy story?

CANARSIE HEROISM.

1. Mothers kissed their brave, noble sons,
Sisters their true-loved sires,
As they, with a patriot's heart,
Left to quench rebellion's fires.
2. With pride he looked upon his kin,
The soldier dressed in blue;
With pride the kin looked upon him
Wearing that emblem so true.
3. But, oh! how little thought they then
Of the trials there were in store,
And that some, while upon this earth,
Were parting for evermore.
4. How hearts have ached for loving ones,
And how clouded yet each day,
Of those who shared that heartfelt loss
Caused by battling 'gainst the gray!*
5. Yet how brightly shines the brave deeds
Of those from our village fair!
Their heroism is yet untold,
And true manly deeds so rare!
6. To our brave fallen heroes all,
For you I have often prayed
Loving angels to waft you home,
Where'er upon earth you're laid!

*The Confederate army wore a gray uniform.

WAR FOR THE UNION—1861-1865.

Years before the outbreak of the rebellion, time had fully established the fact, how difficult it was to form a government here satisfactory to its people, notwithstanding the solidity of its people for a government of their own, and the patriotism and heroism of these same people in gaining their independence (1783); for we see, from the very first, where the very best of talent and arguments were used, *pro* and *con.*, in establishment of our Constitution, and yet how far that instrument was from accomplishing all that was desired; still, as time passed on, it is surprising how rapidly our country gained in strength and wealth. Although meeting with many obstacles, there was a steady growth of prosperity; but as the sunshine of our country developed in beauty, so did the clouds darken in blackness, and finally threatened the destruction of our grand Union, that had been heroically established and handed down to our keeping. But after that darkness had passed away, it was seen that our country, as glorious as it had seemed, had only been as the unrefined; its true beauty was only established with the clearing away of that diversity between the two great sections, North and South. Years and years might profitably be given in the writing of our glorious country and its noble and heroic people, but in my humble way I only write in the interest of my dear family and those whom it may please outside.

I was born at Rockaway, Long Island, N. Y., May 29, 1843; therefore, at the outbreak of the rebellion I was not yet 18 years of age. But what signified a few days, or even months? for the art (if such it was) was soon learned by him that had made up his mind to go; therefore, when I enlisted in Co. "E," 13, State Militia (of

Brooklyn, N. Y.,) on the 23rd day of April, 1861, I was 19 years of age (so I told the recruiting officer, who proved to be my Captain, David B. Jones). Just previous to the outbreak of the rebellion, and at the time of the outbreak, I was living with my dear mother and stepfather at Canarsie, a small village in the Town of Flatlands, and, as I might say, in the suburbs of the City (Brooklyn). My stepfather keeping a grocery and liquor store placed me in possession of all general news, as either is headquarters for news in a country village (no discredit, however); therefore, I was well posted, so far as newspapers and country comment went, and with others was fully aroused on getting the news of Fort Sumter being fired upon, April 12, '61, and evacuated April 14, '61. The liquor business having no charms for me -- which, by the way, seldom benefits the young (or even the old) -- I was ready, upon the first occasion, to carry into execution my act of April 23rd. This was brought about by a few of us, young men, meeting just before going to church, Sunday evening, April 22, '61. The result of this meeting was the pledging of the following to go together the next day and enlist, viz.: Thomas O'Neill, William Biggs, Philip Lumberyea, and your humble servant. After church services there was another outdoor meeting, but I hardly know the decision of the girls; still I know the next day we went (beg pardon) "all the same." But here comes a solemn thought: the scenes at my home and the homes of my associates, and the prayers of our mothers! But as only a portion of our regiment left for the seat of war the day after our enlistment, and we not going with them, gave us a few days at home, which had a tendency to somewhat allay the fears of our parents; still, who can imagine the anguish of parting under such circumstances? let me say none but those who have undergone the sad ordeal.

Finally, the day came for our departure, which we took as nobly as the noblest, amid cheerings, blessings and weepings—for our hearts were young, and in jesting words we tried to soothe the fears of our loving parents. The day being warm, we found ourselves somewhat fatigued after getting on board our transport, through marching and other duties pertaining to our embarkation; but as the afternoon was yet early, we had the pleasure of going out of New York Bay by daylight, and were even outside Sandy Hook lightship when dusk set in. The evening being pleasant, we remained on deck till a late hour before seeking our sleeping apartments—which, by the way, were of no great inducement to a man, unless he was “pretty sleepy,” as my “mate” said; as for bedding, I hardly know what it did consist of, but the bare boards would have been highly appreciated “many a time” afterwards by many others as well as myself. Our second day out was a lovely day, and I was out on deck and saw about the beginning of it. The weather continuing good, we had a quick and pleasant passage to Annapolis, Md., which place is on the Severn River. Here we landed, and joined the portion of our regiment that had preceded us. Now our camp and other duties commenced, which, however, were mostly of a pleasant character. This, in a measure, was quite a solace to us, as the giving up of our previous associations and pretty girls (of which Canarsie could usually boast) was no light task—“especially the latter,” as some of our boys said. But our minds soon became too much occupied to dwell long upon home and its inducements. Still, even though a soldier’s duty is arduous at times, there are always thoughts and sights of inspiration coming to his mind. This I found to be the case all through my army life. After being landed at the Naval Academy, Annapolis, Md., our pride for the Massachusetts troops was greatly

increased (this was after the heroic action of the 6th Massachusetts, while passing through Baltimore, Md., April 19, '61); for here we learned of their further noble services. The 8th Massachusetts being a part of the brigade of which the 6th belonged to, was sent to Washington, D. C., *via* Annapolis, and was accompanied by its General, Benjamin F. Butler. On arriving at Annapolis, where they remained a few days, it was learned that there were many in the near neighborhood of Confederate faith, and that they were plotting to seize the noble and historic old frigate Constitution (the Constitution was at the Academy as a school-ship); but Gen. Butler ("the right man in the right place," as he often was afterwards), could not allow the pride of the sons of his little State (Massachusetts) to be thus degraded; he therefore ordered the 8th to be formed in line. After they were formed in line, he asked them whether there were any of them that could sail a ship, and if so, for them to step forward. Equal to the emergency, about forty men stepped out, signifying their marine qualifications, and it was said that among them was a son of the Constitution's builder. This was a glorious and inspiring sight, and the old ship was soon manned and sent to New York, where she arrived safe. While we were at Annapolis, our time was not wholly given to camp duty, for some of our regiment were constantly making raids in the surrounding country. The first expedition that I was with went to Baltimore, Md., by a small steamer. This was a pleasant trip for us, but was not attended with much excitement. My second voyage with an expedition, was up a small river some distance, where we were landed. As this was a hostile neighborhood, every precaution was taken against our two companies being surprised and overpowered. As we wished to go to a village (Centreville, Md.,) about five miles. distant, an advance

guard was sent forward, and we followed. The day being very warm, to some the march was somewhat fatiguing, but to me there was a fascination about our journey that carried me lightly and joyously over the dusty roadways. Constantly we were meeting sights new to our vision; there were the slaves and overseers at work on the plantation, in their most rustic state, and many other sights new to us but familiar to the Southerner. We finally reached the village, which, like all other Southern habitations, was, what there was of it all together, or, as I might say, the small beginning of a city, or again, it showed that the first inhabitants had been imbued by our National motto, "United, we stand; divided, we fall." But let all this be as it might, the village was a pleasant little place, and showed every sign of thrift. We were marched and halted in a neatly-kept plot of ground, in the centre of which was a stately church. On this occasion we were not overrun by curiosity, such as was usually the case; therefore our minds were somewhat from our real object (as the Rev. Pastor said it would) towards a more holy purpose. But while our surroundings gave every appearance of holiness, could it be supposed that it was detrimental to our duty? for was it not our duty, a duty of righteousness? Happy am I to say, that while we were in the refreshing shadow of that emblem of Deity, not an act of ours cast a reflection of unmanliness upon us. After being refreshed, about half of our number was divided in small squads and sent in different directions through the village in search of fire-arms or other government property. The squad (a small detachment of men) that I was assigned to was commanded by one of our Lieutenants (Nicholas Schenck). Our search being fruitless for some time, we were about to give up in despair. Probably to meditate over his unsuccess, the Lieutenant

halted us by the shady side of a high board fence. This fence enclosed a corner lot of ground, on the front part of which was a two-story building. Not content, I, with two or three others, managed to get on top of this fence, from which place we could see the contents of the yard—or a part of its contents—which was neat and clean, and the greater part was planted with peas, and their vines were large and bushy, and they had been lately hoed up (the dirt hoed up to them); but in the most distant corner stood a wood house or workshop. This attracted my attention, and as I was about to descend on the inside, I was hailed from one of the second-story windows thus: "I say dar, chile, whar am you gowing?" This checked my movements for a moment, and I answered: "Only to look in the wood house, aunty." Lieutenant Schenck then said to me that it was not worth while going over the fence, as he did not wish to search property that did not show signs of containing hidden treasure. It being evident that aunty, as she was termed, still remained at the window, one of my comrades (on the fence) called out, saying: "Aunty, have you got any of Uncle Sam's cannons in the house?" About this time, I, while standing on a narrow strip of board nailed to the inside of the fence, slipped, and went down. This mishap of mine likely hurried an answer to my comrade's jesting question, for aunty answered: "Lore bress you, chile, dare am no cannon here, and massa done gone and hoed dem peas, and you kill dem shu." Lieutenant Schenck now called for me to come back; but as I was over the fence, and out of his sight, the temptation was too great; so I started to get a peep in that wood house, but in my haste, my feet—which, by the way, were not larger than the ordinary size—caught in the vines of the flourishing peas, and down I went. This brought a hearty laugh from my comrades, and very likely

indignation to aunty, and certainly humiliation to myself; but, in extricating my feet, Lo! and behold! what did I see?—a musket in all its beauty (to me), but in all its ugliness, probably, to aunty and her misses. In drawing this one from the earth another was revealed, and so on, till, with the aid of my comrades, I had unearthed sixty good muskets and demolished that pea patch. Whatever aunty or her misses might have thought I cannot say, but I know they very wisely offered no further remonstrances. In good time we took our prize to headquarters, and the sight of our muskets greatly elated our Captain, as well as all concerned. Other details had also been very successful, which made the day's work a profitable one to our *uncle* (U.S.) The day now getting well advanced, no time was lost in getting a horse and cart, by which our treasure was transported to the landing. While going to or while being in the village, we had seen nothing of a hostile nature outside of the muskets that we had captured; but while leaving, and about one mile outside of the village, we saw that we were pursued by something in the shape of a man, who came staggering after us and giving vent to language that would have been the destruction of the whole army, could it have been executed; but this much credit is due him—his knowledge of safety was perfect. On arriving at the landing, we found the captain of the steamer anxiously awaiting our return.

Although no enemy had openly showed himself as yet, still it was feared they would, as it had been reported that a company or more of home guards were in the neighborhood. For some reason unknown to me, after getting our treasure on board the steamer we did not go down out of the river, but remained where we were, and put pickets out on both sides of the river. Soon a dense fog settled over all, giving the young

saplings along the river the appearance of huge trees. This only added to our discomfort, for we did not appreciate our surroundings. "What could we do if an attack was made upon us?" was the question asked by all, and "How foolish our officers are for keeping us here," was said by more than one; "where is there a safe retreat for us?" Our situation appeared deplorable enough to us all; and, if attacked, we could see, in bold letters, the result : *Two whole companies sacrificed in defence of their country!* This was the most inspiring thought that came to us, and of which we were only relieved by a few hours' quietness; but this did not last through all of the night, for at about midnight we were again brought to a full realization of our position, when bang—bang—bang went the rifles of our outpost! I was with a small detachment that was acting as a reserve to the pickets on the opposite side of the river from our steamer, and upon hearing the firing we all sprang for our rifles, which were stacked. Usually we were all very particular in getting our own guns, but, upon this occasion, such a trifling thing was overlooked; suffice to say, each got a gun, and then our officer got us in some kind of a line by the time our outpickets got to us—some of which were gunless, others hatless, and all almost breathless! *Just as we had expected—detained there to be massacred!* Hardly knowing what to do, we *bravely stood* our ground; but as we could not see or hear anything further of a warlike nature, our officers ordered an advance, which we made with the greatest of watchfulness. The mystery was soon solved, and behold what was discovered!—a poor cow, mortally wounded! But none were ever prouder of a great victory achieved than we were when steaming, by the light of a beautiful morning, out of that one long night's dismal river. But our hardships and victories for our country were not yet ended, for instead

of us going back to Annapolis, we were taken to another village,

QUEENSTOWN, MD.

Upon disembarking at this place, we immediately met with opposition. But what was opposition now to us? for had we not been marched through an enemy's country, and done picket duty in its most treacherous region? Our opposition here was in the person of one big Mike, as he was called, and, judging from his dimensions, &c., if he had been *loaded* from that village alone, that village would be a temperance place until it received a new supply. Our advance continued steady—so did Mike's retreat—till we got in the village. Here Mike made a bold stand in defiance of us bold heroes; but our officers were not to be defeated without a harder struggle; so a charging party was selected, and while the rest of us acted as a reserve, a charge was made, and the chargers—all honor to them!—fearlessly made their way through a host of minors, and, irrespective of color, swept them aside till they reached their enemy, whom they seized and nobly conveyed to a lock-up; after which all was quiet. Being unable to find such property as we were in search of in this village, we soon took our departure, taking big Mike with us to the landing, where, upon many humble promises on his part, he was permitted to return to the village, much soberer and wiser, with the color and colorless young escort that had accompanied us. It was with light hearts that we once more boarded our little transport, and made lighter by the knowledge that we were now to return direct to Annapolis.

On returning, we received a hearty welcome, and were greatly applauded for what we had accomplished. But we soon learned that we were not to have the much-needed night's rest in our comfortable quarters—or even out of them—that we had expected, for our

Colonel, Abel Smith, had already received orders for our regiment to be taken to Baltimore. Early in the afternoon we boarded a train, and were soon being carried swiftly on our journey, meeting with but little delay. Just before sunset we reached the end of our destination, and took up our position near the city. The calling of our regiment to Baltimore was through the fear of a riot. After lying on our arms all night, and finding all remained peaceful through the next day, towards evening we returned to Annapolis. Although my exploits had been pleasing to me, I soon learned their result upon me, for, the next day after returning from Baltimore, I was ordered in the hospital; typhoid fever had taken hold of me. I remained in the hospital nine days, and should have remained longer, but my regiment had left Annapolis and was then encamped on Federal Hill, just outside the City of Baltimore. Wishing to be with my regiment, and feeling able to walk around, I begged permission to leave and join my regiment. On joining, I did not wish to be carried on the sick roll, so I reported for duty, and tried to make myself as well as others believe that I was able to endure all fatigue that was to fall upon me; but soon I was again obliged to succumb to that dreaded and destructive malady. It was immediately after guard-mount and the reliefs being counted off, that the officers of the guard noticed my appearance, and I was, without hardly being consulted, marched off to the hospital. This time my sickness was much greater than it had been upon the first attack. I had been in the hospital but a few days when I overheard a conversation between my Captain and the hospital surgeon, the sum and substance of which was, that the surgeon did not think that I could live twelve hours longer. I was hardly able to speak, but, what is not usually the case with one suffering from

typhoid fever, my thinking faculties appeared to be all right. Happily, the discouraging news of my surgeon did not cause me any great uneasiness, and, thanks to Him who governs all, that night my fever abated, and I soon showed signs of recovery. Gen. Dix having requested my regiment to remain nine or ten days over their time, which they did, gave me time to so far recover my health as to be able to march home with my regiment.

It was thought by many who started out to serve only three months, that they were only going on a pleasure trip, and it is yet probably thought by many who did not participate in that service that such was the case; but let me say that such was not the case. My company, and the other companies belonging to my regiment, lost, I believe, five or six men each, mostly through typhoid fever; and these men were not, as they were termed, of the paper-collar fraternity—if there ever was such a fraternity; they were mostly young men that had been employed at good healthy outdoor work, and, after they had been acclimated, were the body of our grand old army afterwards. We lost also a few men by accidental shooting, and a beloved and promising young drummer, McKenzie. After the 13th returned home and were mustered out (August, '61), our Colonel (Abel Smith) immediately began the recruiting of a three years' regiment; but just before its completion, through a railroad accident, he was killed; thus our country lost a good soldier, and we a good commander. Our Lieut.-Colonel (Dodge) then took command of our regiment (87). After I had got home from the three months' service, I soon gained perfect health, and on the 5th day of December, '61, I was as happy as the happiest marching down Broadway *en route* to the seat of war. Here let me interpose,

I CAN SEE THEM STILL.

1. While nobly marching down Broadway,
Their faces tinged with hope's bright ray,
Proudly bearing their trust so grand—
Emblem of our heroic land!
2. Again, at Williamsburg, I spy
Their faces—but another eye,
The token of a fearless heart,
From honor never to depart.
2. At Fair Oaks' crimsoned battle-field,
With great loss they were forc'd to yield;
No dishonor, I'm proud to say,
To them; they fought bravely on that day!
4. At Robinson's Field, they can boast
Of running their brave rebel host.
I can plainly see each one now
As he compels his foe to bow!
5. All through the battle—seven days—
Their manly deeds deserve great praise.
Although they numbered but a few,
They to their honored trust were true—
6. Bravely fighting against their foe,
To hold the stations of Bristow
And Manassas, and Catlett too;
But, ah! the end few ever knew!
7. While in the ranks of the Mozart,
With their tattered flag they had to part;
'Twas borne away by a loyal hand,*
Decked with heroic garlands grand.
8. The number on that flag so great
Was "87," New York State.
I prize it still, although quite old,
As of yore, while beneath its fold.

* George Hudson, a Lieutenant of my Company ("D"), having an order from the War Department for the purpose, took our flag, while we were encamped near White's Ford, Md., from us, and had it placed in the State Capitol, at Albany, N. Y.

After I had enlisted in the 87th N. Y. Volunteers, I found that I had the following from my village with me, viz.: Thomas O'Neill, James W. Nolan, Thomas Dougherty, Lawrence Abrams, Hezekiah M. Storer, and John H. Van Houten. Others had enlisted in different regiments; so our little village was doing well. From New York we were taken direct to Washington, D. C., by rail, and encamped on Meridian Hill, just out of the city. While here, we had plenty of guard duty and drilling, but our Captain (McIntyre) being incapacitated, by his portly dimensions, from indulging in one of our principal pastime duties, or that of the other companies, "double quick," we were somewhat fortunate. About the first part of March, '62, we struck tents and *waded through mud* to Arlington Heights, Va. Here our drilling was renewed, but the weight of our duty did not weigh heavily upon us, for it was greatly relieved by home (camp) amusements. But our duties and amusements here were not to last long, for in the latter part of March, '62, we, with that historic old army, the Army of the Potomac, took our departure; and what a sight! such as will never be forgotten by those who witnessed it—

A mighty host, with bay'nets bright,
Reaching as far as did the sight,
Filling the air with gleeful song,
As they towards "Dixey" marched along.

The heart of each, as he viewed that great army of which he was a part, was filled apparently to its uttermost with pride.

How infusing the sight!
Their bay'nets glittering in the sun;
Their clear voices like music rung;
Their grand flags they bore through the breeze
With dignity and the greatest ease.

After embarking at Alexandria, Va., in transports, we were taken to Fortress Monroe, Va. While passing

down the Potomac River, it was no usual scene to see the transports conveying our army; and much amusement was derived from their apparent racing. Our voyage was wholly attended with pleasure and inspiring scenes. After arriving at Fortress Monroe, we were marched out near Hampton—(this was about April 1, 1861)—where we encamped. But who will, of those who were there, ever forget our first night at Fortress Monroe? Such a night! and if “curfew” was not heeded by us, were we much at fault? for, as a German said, “Sergeant, vot for you call me mock out der light, ven I would die mit dis cold rain?” And it was a cold rain, as the German said, and a heavy one too, drenching our clothing and completely covering the ground. Where was there a place for us to lie down, unless we laid in the water? There was none, and, to add to the discomfort, we had no rations. Ah! how welcome would have been our coffee then! but many a time after did we suffer for the want of that army luxury, which was life itself to a soldier. Rations finally came, and so did the sun, and I assure you that both were welcomed by us, and ere the setting of the sun we had forgiven all, if not quite forgotten, and were as joyous as ever. Our Captain—all honor to his name—not being gifted with great foresightedness, nobly led us till his sensibilities were awakened by unforeseen hardships; then he sensibly resigned his commission and departed for a more genial land. Lieut. Wm. H. Leaycraft was now commissioned Captain, and placed in command of our (“D”) company. Happily for Capt. Leaycraft, his averdupois was not then as great as now. Our officers had not forgotten that drilling was customary, if not essential, and that every post should be guarded.

On the morning of April 5, '62, the sun rose beautifully, and greatly eased my duty, that of marching up

and down on guard at brigade headquarters. The morning being calm, the air was rent by the music of the bugle, drum and fife; and while I listened to the melody of the sick-call, I wondered who could be sick on such a morning! but, ah! even though there were not many sick that morning, there were plenty ere the final close of the day; for no sooner had I been relieved that morning from guard, than I saw the whole army on the march, and I, with my regiment, was soon with them. If my store of wisdom was scanty in many respects, it was not in this: of "trusting in Providence" for what I needed when night came; therefore I always began a march "in light marching order." Even though the morning was a beautiful one, early in the afternoon the sky became clouded, and just before we reached Yorktown a light rain began to fall upon us. It being a long march from Hampton to Yorktown, the "boys," when we reached our destination, were greatly fatigued—even though they had disposed of the greater part of the contents of their knapsacks—as we received the command to halt where we were to encamp (or the greater part of our regiment) for the night. How welcome was the order! but almost immediately another order came, which was not so welcome, for it was for a detail of men for picket duty; and as the names were called there were many excuses offered, but the only excuse accepted was the *doctor's*, and a few who found the doctor a safe refuge that night, clung to him till they found a safer one—their discharge. When the roll was being called for picket duty, I was standing by the side of James W. Nolan, whose name was soon called, but, like the noble boy that he always was, he offered no objections. Seeing how difficult it was to get the required number, I offered to go in some one's place; but my First Sergeant, Thomas O'Neill, said, as it was not my turn, I could

not go (I had been on guard the night before). After the detail had been made up, there was one among them that I knew was hardly able to do the duty, having been weakened down by late sickness; I therefore offered to take his place; my offer was accepted, and it was but a short time before I found myself in company with friend Nolan, standing behind a large tree, doing picket duty in a thick woods, on a dark, stormy and dismal night, and with the "Johnnies" but a short distance from me. This was somewhat trying, but our minds were greatly relieved by the (if not of the best character) freely expressed opinions of our not over and above desired near neighbors—the enemy—who freely gave vent to their feelings in regard to our trespassing upon their immediate vicinity. This conversation they kept up about all night, and it was quite interesting to us—in the absence of anything better—and greatly helped to pass the night away. But when we were relieved the next morning, it was a relief indeed, and we soon sought our camp, and, happily for us, soon became unconscious of the pangs of hunger, through sleep. Again no rations. Through the day some of our regiment found and confiscated a quantity of corn and rye, in the hull. This was divided among us, giving each probably about a pint, corn and rye together; this our good doctor gave us a recipe for its cooking. Those of us who had been on picket passed the greater part of the day in sleep, but near night, when our rations came, had our coffee and "hard tack" (army crackers), which made us feel much more comfortable, so with darkness, which soon set in, we again laid down upon a soldier's bed—the ground—rolled ourselves in our blankets, placed our cartridge-boxes, &c., under our heads, and sought and soon found sweet repose. Our rations, after this, came regularly; so did our guard and picket duty, also our labor with the pick

and shovel, which implements we used mostly nights, as the enemy could not then see to shell us, as they could during the daytime. By magic, apparently, each morning revealed new redoubts, &c., to such an extent that it transformed our surrounding almost unrecognizable. The enemy, seeing our progress, knew that they could not stand its mighty power; so not waiting further results, took up their retreat. I was on reserve picket duty with my regiment the night they evacuated, May 3, '62, and what a serenading they gave us!

They lit the sky with fuse and shell,
And filled the air with shrapnell,
And even more than this—for fun,
From our works they made us run.

The next day (May 4, '62), after going back to our camp, we were soon in line and marching "on to Richmond." While marching out towards the enemy's main fort (Magruder), which was on the York River, we passed by the little enclosure where Lord Cornwallis, on the 19th day of October, 1781, surrendered his sword to Gen. Lincoln, who had been designated by Gen. Washington to receive it. The sight of this little enclosure to us

Was an emblem bright, grand and clear,
Of all our hearts held proud and dear,
And added to our will for right
As we were marching on to fight.

On reaching the enemy's old fortifications, we learned that torpedoes had been planted in all the main roadways—we learned, I say; yes, but not until a number of our men had been killed by them, the 40th N. Y. Volunteers having three or four of their brave men blown to atoms. Our engineers then began the work of discovery; and as the torpedoes were found, the rebel prisoners—so I was informed—were compelled to remove them; after which we again took up our line

of march. We did not go far, however, before night set in. We now halted for the night, but the rest which we sought, and much needed, we did not get, for a cold rain soon began to fall, which caused us to stand or run around most of the night. When morning came (May 5, '62), we fell in line, and through a deep mud made our way towards Williamsburg, Va. The rain continuing, although not at all times heavy, kept our clothing wet through, which, upon any little resting spell, chilled us through. Fortunately, or unfortunately, we had but a few of these restings. When within about one mile of the fortifications near Williamsburg, we were ordered to halt, and unslung knapsacks, &c., retaining nothing but our cartridge-boxes—which were filled with ammunition—and our rifles. With my canteen and knapsack I dreaded to part—more especially their contents—but I did. In my knapsack were a piece of tobacco and a daguerreotype (which were almost the contents of my knapsack); these I transferred to my pockets, and although I afterwards lost the daguerreotype, I did not its original, which I still retain, and not, like the substitute, I hope, destined to fall in the hand of an enemy. After being divested of all superfluities, we were ordered on the “double quick;” but it was not at all times that we could obey the order, still we did the best we could, which was creditable under the circumstances.

Just before reaching the field of battle, we came upon a band of musicians, who tried to cheer our weary hearts and give elasticity to our almost worn-out legs. By the way, these musicians had great respect for their instruments—(no discredit, however)—that is, judging from their act of getting behind large trees with them! Just before dusk, we reached the scene of action, and as we entered the edge of the open field on the main road out to Fort Magruder, we came

in contact with a shower of the "rebs'" leaden missiles. Fortunately, we were filed in the edge of a woods, where each sought protection behind trees. The enemy, having been pretty well defeated during the day, contented themselves by keeping up a pretty steady fire from their cannons; and, as they did not advance, we simply laid in the woods, and held our position. There had been hard fighting here in the afternoon, and the ground was well covered with dead and dying. As the weather kept stormy, and we were obliged to lie on the wet and cold ground, with the dying, moaning and pleading all around, it was to us, as well as to many others, a trying night, and not many of the wounded survived it.

As daylight made its appearance, it was discovered that the enemy had fallen back, for which we were thankful. We were now taken back a short distance, and halted. The sun now made its appearance, and with it came a pleasant warmth. This soon created quite a reaction; a drowsiness now took possession of us, and our shiverings wholly relaxed their sway. Again if we had our coffee! but we got it not, neither did we have anything to eat; both, as it will be remembered, were left about one mile to the rear the day before. But this was not considered reason enough for us not to continue our duty; so we were ordered to "fall in," after which we were marched to the open field, which brought us within less than a mile, and in full view, of Williamsburg. Here we were deployed as skirmishers, or all of our regiment, with the exception of one company, which acted as a reserve. A battery of light artillery was also deployed—they in the rear of our skirmishes, and on a line with our reserve company, and in the rear of all was, I believe, the remainder of our division. Thus we advanced across the open field, through the city, and about one mile

beyond it, where we halted. The scene of our advance was grand—even though it was not that of a large army; but the scenes that we witnessed while making that advance

Were most heartrending to behold!
For there had fought those soldiers bold
Who now lay dead upon the field,
Which was their choice rather than yield!

After being halted outside of Williamsburg, a detail was called and sent back to bury the dead. Fortunately our regiment had not lost many. Burying of the dead is a hard duty to perform, especially if they have been lying on the field long; but it is a duty not only of Christianity, but of necessity. After performing this duty, and it being near sunset, we returned to our camp, if such it could be called, and closed our eyes to all worldly scenes, and were soon beyond its cares. At the rising of the next morning's sun we awoke, and with what relish did we partake of our coffee and "hard tack," for we had not eaten anything but two or three crackers, and these we received from haversacks on the field, and had drank no coffee since we left our haversacks outside of Williamsburg. What would not have been palatable to us then! But in a few days the past was almost forgotten, and I might say the future hardly thought of. Having our rations, and the weather being good, our camp again assumed its old-time cheerfulness; and to add to our comforts, during our little stay here, near our camp was,

• Down deep in a shaded ravine,
All clothed in foliage ever green,
Bright cool water, of silv'ry ray,
That sparkled on its downward way.

Good drinking water we always relished, and held in high estimation, for it was quite a treat to us, as the most of our drinking-water was very poor, often from

stagnant ponds. After a few days' encampment outside of Williamsburg, we again took up our line of march towards Richmond. Our roads now were continually either very muddy or dusty, which made our progress slow, disagreeable and laborious, still cheerfulness appeared to keep possession of us, and the greater our hardships the more material there was for jesting thoughts. During the first part of the afternoon of May 31, '62, I was with a fatigue party a short distance from my camp when an order came to my regiment for our Colonel to get us in line and be ready to march at a moment's notice. Those of us that were on fatigue duty were sent for, and we were soon in the ranks of our companies, and had but a little while to wait for further orders; and when we received them, we were ordered, from the start, on the "double quick," which we kept up the greater part of the distance from our camp to Fair Oaks, a distance of about two miles. The day being very warm, and the roads dusty, we were nearly choked with dust when we reached Fair Oaks, and much exhausted, but there was no time to rest. The enemy had routed our troops, and their onslaught had not yet been checked. We were on the Williamsburg and Richmond road, and where we entered the woods the road took a turn to the right. Here we were ordered to unsling canteens, haversacks and blankets; our knapsacks, which we left before getting to Williamsburg, we never saw after, or anything else which we left there; our blankets, &c., which we now had, were those which we had picked up on the field at Williamsburg. After obeying the order of unslinging, we were ordered to load our rifles. Just in front, and a little to the right of us, the battle was furious; but we were marched on the road and turned with it to the right. After getting around the bend, we came upon the 1st Long Island

Regiment—Beecher's Regiment, as it was called—who gave us three hearty cheers; but the echo of those cheers had hardly died away when the report of rifles took their place, and we were soon in the midst of all that the word battle implies—the steady roar of rifles and their leaden missiles, the loud words of command, the voices in cheer, and the anguish of the wounded and dying. The position of the 1st Long Island and our regiment was such, that when we were fired upon we soon became as one regiment, becoming so intermixed; still that did not debar any of us from fighting; but the odds were too much against us, and we soon found ourselves slowly falling back. As a last resort, Lieut. George Hudson, of my company, stepped forward a few steps, and asked who would come and stay with him? I, with a few others who were near, jumped behind trees by him. The firing now was terrible, and the enemy not more than fifteen yards from us. I hardly noticed what was going on around me, but loaded and fired as quickly as possible. I had fired but a few shots, however, when one of Company "K," of my regiment, said to me—he was just to my right—that we had better get to the rear; after which he made the attempt, but had no sooner got from behind his tree than he was shot dead! Another man, I think, of the 1st Long Island; stood behind a tree near me, but on my left; he now tried to make his escape, but met with no better success than did my comrade of Company "K." As he fell, I was standing with my back against a tree, loading my rifle. I then noticed that I was alone, and I had hardly a minute to decide my course of action? but in that time I did decide; wheeling around, and facing the enemy, I sent the contents of my rifle at, if not into, one of them; I then turned, bent low, and in a zigzag way ran for my life to the rear, with a steady shower of bullets passing

harmlessly by me. With the velocity that I then possessed I soon got out of their sight, if not out of the reach of their rifles. After going a short distance, I came upon four men who were carrying one of their wounded (of the 1st L. I.); they asked me to help them, which I did, but only for a moment, as two who were helping the wounded man off, fell. Seeing the "rebs" so close upon us, we left all and tried to save ourselves. At the time my regiment was first fired upon, and after I had fired my first shot, I found it very inconvenient to get my cartridges out of my cartridge-box; so, taking a number of cartridges, I placed them inside of my clothing and about my waist, my blouse and shirt being open at the bosom, and my clothing tight about my waist; using a belt instead of suspenders made the inside a very accessible receptacle, and convenient for the occasion. As I would take a cartridge from my bosom—the powder and ball both being in a piece of paper together—I would tear the end off with my teeth and empty the powder in my rifle, and then squeeze the ball from the remaining paper down upon the powder. In tearing the paper from the end of the cartridge, there was more or less of the powder constantly getting into my mouth; so the condition of my throat, after I had fallen back a short distance, from dust, powder and thirst, can easily be imagined; and I, throwing myself upon the ground when I came to a small stream of dirty water, and drinking from it, animal fashion, is easily accounted for; but how refreshing was that drink! Soon coming to an open field, and the enemy close behind me, I started again on a run, not going far, however, before I came to a large tent, which was about half-way across the field; here I stopped, and sent back two or three shots at the advancing "Johnnies;" but I soon learned that my fortification—the tent—was not bullet-proof, so I very

wisely again took up my retreat—and not by a walk either! After crossing the open field, I came to a piece of woods of heavy timber; here I saw a few men unknown to me standing behind trees, so I stopped and took a position behind a large tree myself, and immediately opened fire upon my advancing foe. I had not fired but a few shots, however, from my new position, when I heard a voice calling me; looking back, I saw that it was Lieut. Hudson. I now left my tree and went back to him. There I found also two or three of my company. I was told by Lieut. Hudson that I had done fighting enough for one day, and that we had better all go back to our regiment. I found they were stationed at a redoubt. I was certainly greatly fatigued, but the sight of a good cup of coffee greatly relieved that feeling. A companion of mine had been fortunate enough to find both coffee and crackers, so we relished a good supper before lying down for the night. Darkness now extending its protective hand over us, we were not slow in taking advantage of it and resting peacefully till the rising of the sun the next morning,

When again mad rebellion's roar
Told how fierce was our civil war,
And how tinged would our great land be
By the blood of the noble free!

The report of musketry soon became one continuous roar, and black clouds of smoke rose far above the tall tree-tops. To a person who would listen and think calmly for a moment, it would not appear possible that even one person could escape. Fortunately, the enemy was soon routed, the Excelsior Brigade (a Jersey brigade), making a charge in our immediate front, with such a determination, was the first to check them, and this led to a general rout; and soon the bright Sabbath Day, that had so early witnessed such

anguish and strife, was allowed to pass on without further molestation ; and happy were all that such was the case, for the greater part of our army had been obliged to march hurriedly some distance before reaching the battle-ground. My regiment had lost nearly one hundred men in killed and wounded. Our Colonel was among the wounded, and was taken prisoner. We lost four killed from my company; Alfred Gosline, from my village, was among them. Gosline did not die on the field, but died, in about a week's time, in a hospital, at Portsmouth, Va.; but the three others died on the field. Nicholas S. Ford, from my village, was also killed here on the field; he was serving in the 1st Long Island. The Color-Corporal of my company, Leavy Duval—a brave little fellow—was also one of the killed on the field; I am sorry to say that I have forgotten the names of the other two. With two others, I went, on the second day after the battle, and buried the dead of my company. At this battle the list of our mortality is commenced, for

This, the first of our village life,
To be given in their great strife
Of laying low that traitor's hand
Which had been raised to smite our land.

The battle being over, my regiment was marched to the right of the Richmond and York River Railroad (near Savage Station), where we were encamped. While here I was appointed Color-Corporal, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Corporal Duval. After remaining near Savage Station a few days, we were marched about one mile to the left, where we encamped. While in this camp, my regiment, going on picket duty one day, and the colors not taken out with them, the color guard remained in camp. But I soon found it too monotonous there, so I went in search of my regiment. After finding regimental headquarters, I soon learned

the whereabouts of my company, whom I joined just in time to go, with three others, to establish a new outpost. I was informed that many of those who had been doing picket duty here, on this line, had been surprised and captured. This outpost was to be established to prevent, if possible, any further such freaks of the enemy. The new outpost was established in a little house out in an open field. There were two or three large apple-trees just in front of our little house, one of which made a good position for our picket. Night was drawing nigh as I went out to take *my turn*. The tree which I was behind was very large at the bottom, but branched off at the distance of about four feet from the ground, thus making a very good port-hole, and from which place I could see well around me and not easily be seen. I had not been in this position long, however, before I saw one of the enemy's boys venturing out of the woods; he looked all around cautiously, and then started for our little house. I waited patiently till he got within about ten yards of me, when I ordered him to ground arms and surrender! How aback poor "Johnnie" was taken! for even yet he did not see me, but he had heard my voice clear enough to obey it. After I had given him up to my associates, who were much pleased with my good luck, he said that he had left his company with the intention of deserting; but this we could not credit; he was evidently on picket, and through curiosity came over to the little house. After we had asked him all sorts of questions, we sent him back to company headquarters, from which place he was disposed of in the regular red-tape routine. The night then passed over without further incident.

The Seven Days' Battle was now drawing nigh, but of which we were ignorant until the morning of June 25, '62, when,

With a sun so bright and clear,
And a cool breeze that did us cheer,
Over the fallen trees we sped
To a field soon by battle red.

As we left our camp, we were marched over fallen trees to a woods, where we were deployed as skirmishers; and after advancing a short distance in the woods we came upon the enemy, but only a few shots were exchanged when they fell back. We were now formed in line of battle, and took a position near a little peach orchard; but here we remained only a short time when a company of "rebs" came on the double-quick to within about fifteen yards of us. They, as it was evident, did not know of our whereabouts until we fired upon them; which reception they did not appear to appreciate, for they left our presence very unceremoniously, but not, however, without firing a few shots and wounding a young man who was near me. Shortly after this I had a narrow escape. While leaning my breast against a rail of the fence that partly enclosed the little peach orchard, a bullet struck the rail, and should it have had force enough, it would have penetrated my heart; but, thanks to a kind Providence, and the soundness of that rail, it did me no harm. Shortly after this, my regiment was marched across the peach orchard and placed behind a hedge, in front of which was a large open field. But here we did not remain long, for a "rebel" battery had an excellent range of our position. By stooping low and running along the hedge, we soon gained the woods, where we lay down and watched, with amused interest, the demolition of that hedge by that "rebel" battery; and I have often thought since whether those artillerymen did not think that they had annihilated us. After this, all remained quiet for some time, and our cooks—all honor to them—came out to us with two camp-

kettles—one full of coffee, the other bean-soup; but ah! there is a mystery that I have never fathomed, and that is—who got them! we did not; that is certain, although we fought hard, and handsomely whipped a regiment that greatly outnumbered ours. This regiment came marching along the edge of a woods which we were in. They were in column, by companies, and being in the open field, made a good show. Our pickets, who were a short distance in front of us, saw them, and reported it to our Colonel (Bachia, who had been our Lieut.-Colonel), who immediately placed us in position for the attack. I might say here, before proceeding further, that, when we left our camp that morning, our Color-Sergeant, who had not been well for a few days, staid in camp, and one of our color-corporals, a brave young man by the name of Wilson, carried the colors out of camp; but when we got in the field of fallen timber, he said that he would rather carry a rifle than the colors, so that if he got in a fight he could do something more than look on. At first I hesitated to exchange with him, as he wished to do, but finally consented, and gave him my rifle and accoutrements, and I took the colors. I now carried them till, just before advancing out to the hedge above-mentioned, our Color-Sergeant (Dugan), coming out to us, I gave them up to him. After leaving the hedge and getting in the woods, one of my officers asked me where the colors were. I said that Dugan had them. “Why, he went back to camp,” answered the officer; and there our colors had been left lying in the edge of that fast-decaying hedge, but I was not long in going back and getting them. I was then told not to give them up to any one without orders from my Colonel. After being placed in line for the attack, we had not long to wait. The enemy getting near enough for us to open fire upon them, I with pride held aloft our

nation's emblem. The enemy being in column, and in the open field when we fired upon them, immediately wheeled in line of battle, and tried to get in the woods with us; but we, seeing their intention, and wishing to retain the advantage we had over them, advanced nearer the field. I being somewhat in advance of the most of our regiment, was ordered back by one of the Color Company's officers, who said that my place was on a line with the main part of the regiment, and not in advance of them. Reluctantly I went back about five yards. An officer of my own company seeing my action, asked me why I came back. When I told him, he said to me, "Go and do as you please, and I will be responsible." This was Lieut. George Hudson who gave me these orders, and I did do as I pleased.

The battle now getting "pretty hot," as the boys said, and I, seeing the enemy getting through the fence which was along the edge of the woods, without any thought, except that of taking advantage of the enemy's position, called out to our boys to "charge;" they did, and to within about five yards of the fence, where I think I am safe in saying that we "laid low" about fifty of the enemy by one volley. They were, or many of them, on the fence, between the rails, or in the act of crawling under, and they fell in all positions. This greatly demoralized them, and they fell back about ten yards, where their officers gallantly tried to rally them. But while in their bewildered state, we again greatly reduced their ranks. Seeing how rapidly they were being cut down, they turned and fled. Seeing their colors fall, I with a bound went over the fence, and was just in the act of raising my flagstaff to strike the "rebel" who had picked up their colors, and was dragging them after him, when I was hit in the shoulder, and almost at the same time a bullet went into the heel of my shoe. This brought me to a halt, and for a

moment I thought that the bullet which had hit me in the shoulder had gone through me; but fortunately it was too far spent to penetrate my clothing; still it left me with a lame shoulder for some time. These bullets by which I was hit came from the enemy, who was some distance off to the left of us, in a piece of woods. This halt without doubt saved to the "Johnnies" their colors and one of their men, as I had every advantage over them before I was hit. On coming to myself, as I might say, I could give no further thought to that rebel flag, for the enemy had made an attack upon our troops on our right, and were driving them down on us. My officers calling upon me to come back, caused me to look around, and as I did, how quick my spirits fell! for there, just in the woods where we had been fighting, were all of our troops on a full retreat, and the enemy not more than fifty yards from and in pursuit of them. For me to have gone back in the woods where I jumped the fence, would have been almost for me to have gone direct in the rebels' line; so I started for the hedge, or what little there was left of it, from which we had been driven; but while gaining the woods at the end of that hedge, how the bullets did whistle by me! for I was going towards those who were off to the left of us; therefore the bullets were passing both ways by me. After entering the woods, I was soon among a dense mob, as it appeared, for at this place about two hundred men had got together while retreating. This gave the enemy an opportunity to create great havoc among them, which they took advantage of. Fortunately we soon came to a line of battle that had been formed, and after we passed over them they checked the enemy.

This battle I have heard called "Seven Pines," but it was called "Robinson's Field" by us, giving it the name of our Brigade Commander. The object of this

battle, as I understood, was simply to present the enemy from sending troops from our left against the right of our army, where the enemy had made a fierce attack.

Night setting in after the enemy had been checked, we were marched back to our camp, where we remained in readiness all night. The next day Gen. Phillip Kearney, our Division Commander, came to where we were lying, just outside of our camp, he having heard that our regiment had acted somewhat cowardly the day before. I was sent to our Colonel's tent for our colors, and on bringing them out was ordered to unfurl them for the General's inspection. After he had counted the twenty-six bullet-holes which had been shot through our colors the day before, while I was carrying them, he asked me whether I was afraid while carrying the colors. I answered, "No, sir." He then said that my colors did not look as though I had been. The General then took his departure, saying that he was well satisfied with the conduct of our regiment in the previous day's battle; and well he might say so, for our boys fought as bravely as ever did any. The loss of our regiment was, I believe, seventy odd (killed and wounded) men; and there were but two out of my eight Color-Corporals to come out of the battle.

This, ah! how sad it was to all,
To see these noble heroes fall;
But beneath the shadow they fell
Of the flag they loved so well.

Unconsciously I had greatly elevated myself in not only the estimation of my officers, but rank and file of my regiment, and was highly congratulated upon my success, and was told that the colors which I had so nobly carried should not be taken from me until I would be given something better. I was immediately made Color-Bearer, and carried the colors until they were taken from me by an order from the War Depart-

ment, which will be explained hereafter in this story. Sergeant Dugan, I believe, was given a commission, and shortly after, through sickness, resigned.

And now the battle seven days,
With all its varied warlike rays,
Loomed up before us like a cloud,
But they bore it, that army proud.

But how unexpectedly that retreat to us, for we had not once thought of giving up the ground that we had so dearly gained; but such was fate, and that grand old army accepted it with that cheerful obedience which they always displayed. During the first evening of our retreat we came upon the enemy, who had formed a line to cut off our retreat. Here we were in a dilemma, with the enemy close in our rear (Kearney's Division having the rear), and a line of battle in our front. Gen. Kearney coming up to us where we had been halted, ordered us to fix bayonets, saying that we *must* cut our way through. Fortunately an aid-de-camp came to us with his horse upon a full run, and after speaking a moment to Gen. Kearney, we were ordered to "about face." This order we obeyed readily, and among ourselves thanked the aid for being in time to save us from making a desperate charge. After being "about faced," we were marched a short distance to the rear, where we took another road, by which, happily, we cleared the "Johnnies." We now continued our retreat till a late hour that night, when we encamped. During the next day, after we had continued our retreat some distance, my regiment was ordered back to destroy two fords, which we did; but having done so, we found that we were cut off from the rest of our army. Here we were in a pretty fix, with the enemy all around us. Our Colonel marched us into a piece of woods, gathered us around him, and told us of our situation, and said that should the enemy

make their appearance in a large number, he would surrender the regiment, but if only a small number showed themselves he would *give fight*. After remaining here about one hour, and the enemy not advancing on us, we were marched back a short distance across a small open field and took a position on the edge of a hill which overlooked the open field. Our new position being also in the woods made a good hiding-place for us, as well as giving us a good view about us. But here we did not lie long before the enemy showed himself and began the rebuilding of the fords that we had destroyed. This was too much for our Colonel; so, at the risk of being instantly captured and marched off to Richmond, he ordered us "up and advance." Before hardly entering the open field the enemy opened fire upon us, but we—I say "we," meaning our regiment—returned that fire with the boldness of a division, and steadily advanced till we drove them just beyond the fords. Being content with driving the enemy thus far, our Colonel halted us. After lying here a short time our Colonel became impatient. As the enemy did not show themselves or fire upon us, he did not know what had become of them; "Probably they were working around to attack us in the rear," he said. So, turning to a lieutenant who stood near him, he asked whether two or three volunteers could be got to go out scouting. "Yes," answered the lieutenant, "here's Sergeant Ryder, who will take charge of a scouting party for you, Colonel." The Colonel looked around towards me, and appeared to hesitate, but I jumped up and said that I would go willingly if he would let me pick two men to go with me. "Very well; pick your men," answered the Colonel. By the way, Colonel Bachia was as brave an officer as could be found, but his manner was not that of a "high-toned" officer; he was a perfect gentleman

in every respect, and had the appearance of a thorough business man, which he was. First of all, I gave the staff of our colors to my Colonel, he having taken the colors and put them in his bosom when we first found that we were surrounded. I then got a rifle and accoutrements from one of my company; the two volunteers I had no trouble in getting to go with me, for Jennings and Lamb were, like myself, always ready for an adventure. With orders to proceed as cautiously as possible, and ascertain the whereabouts of the enemy, we started. After going a short distance on the road, we were about to deploy about ten yards apart, but, to our great surprise, about three bullets went buzzing right by our heads. Lamb instantly caught sight of the "rebs" and ran back. I jumped behind a tree, but Jennings stood still till he was fired at again; then he turned and ran. As the second shots were fired, I caught sight of the rebels. The woods here was very thick, but just to the right of us was a large cluster of briars and small trees; in this cluster were probably five or six "Johnnies," and beyond them was their whole line, who had evidently been lying there all the time. Those who fired upon us at first, I dare say, were not more than ten yards from us at the time. As I caught sight of one of those in the cluster I took aim at him and fired, and then ran. The whole line now opened upon us, and how it was that all, or even one, of us escaped, was a wonder; but we all did escape unharmed. After I had got back to our line, and the enemy had ceased firing, Colonel Bachia asked me whether I had found the enemy. I answered "Yes, but not till they had found me!" "And they came near getting you, too, didn't they?" "Yes, but they didn't, Colonel," I again answered. All remaining quiet again, we stayed here till it was getting dusk, when we fell back a short distance.

We now soon learned that the roadway to our division was clear, which we were not long in taking advantage of. The next morning early (July 1, '62), we found ourselves at Malvern Hill, after a tedious night's march. Here we were drawn in line of battle, and reviewed by Gen. Geo. B. McClellan,

Upon whom we all did look with pride,
As he once more did by us ride;
For well we knew how brave and true
Was he that nobly led us through.

And with what pride did I dip my riddled flag to him! He not passing more than five yards from me, I could plainly see that calm and determined intellect in his features which he always displayed. But could he have caught a good look at me, I think his features would have been changed and his mind diverted, for I must have been the picture of distress!

My pants tattered, dirty and old;
My blouse, cap and shoes just as bold!
And being neither short nor fat,
I was an object to look at!

After being reviewed, our brigade marched out to the front, where a line was formed, and we lay in the rear of and supported a battery. We had not long to lie in peace, for a rebel battery soon opened on us. Here our artillerymen did good work; but we, while supporting them, suffered quite heavily, mostly from rebel shell. Our loss here, and that of the day before, began to tell on our regiment; and it began to look pretty small.

Among our loss here was a brave little drummer-boy, "Foxy." He had taken a rifle and remained with his company, determined to go in the battle if they were engaged; but while here he was struck by a shell and instantly killed:

Tenderly he was laid beneath
The soil where he nobly died,
And with manly tears for a wreath,
Which brave soldiers could not hide!

Here all day long we lay, supporting batteries, and constantly aroused from a slumber that nature could not resist, to behold some new freak of the enemy's shell. I will relate one incident—that of a lieutenant and sergeant. They lay conversing together, with their elbows on the ground, their hands upright, supporting their heads. A shell came along, and took all of the face part from one and the back part of the head from the other, killing each instantly. Just to the left of us, the infantry as well as the artillery were engaged, and it was with great determination that the enemy tried to rout our troops. They not only failed, but lost heavily in their attempt. When darkness set in, our regiment was marched out a short distance to the front, where we were established as a sort of a picket line. Here, as we were not disturbed all night, we enjoyed a good rest, which we were sorely in need of; but on looking around, as daylight appeared the next morning, we were surprised to find that we were alone, our army having taken up their backward march during the night. Our Colonel, as he saw our position, was probably about to act, when he saw an aid beckoning him to fall back. And now our march, through mud and rain, to Harrison's Landing, commenced. After falling back to the back part of Malvern Hill, many of our men were privileged to take mules and drive them to the rear. Many of these mules were mounted, some by two and even three of our regiment.

But these were the real army mules,
Who all knew were no great fools;
So when the order "go" was given,
Into the mud their loads were driven.

Our boys had a hard—or I should say *soft*—time (as the mud was of such a deep and thin mixture) of it in riding those mules, and but a few succeeded in reaching Harrison's Landing with them. When we reached Harrison's Landing, it was late in the afternoon, and we had to get brushwood to lay in the mud that we might have a dry place to sleep upon. Early the next morning we were *called up by a rebel battery* of artillery. Our unfriendly neighbors, I think, must have been awake all night, otherwise they would not have spied us out so early. Not being able to resent their action, nor wishing to endure it, we removed ourselves and equipage to a more genial and often-sought habitation, the woods. Here we remained till about noon, when we were marched to the front, and on a line with our army front. Here we all built breastworks, mostly from old fallen trees. During the morning a division of our troops had driven the enemy back a short distance, after which they halted where the general line of defence was established (July 4, '62). After our line had been established, a light firing was heard just to the right of us. This led us to believe that a general engagement was about to take place, and that we were among the first to participate in it; so we made every preparation necessary. On my color-guard was the young man heretofore mentioned, Wilson (from Brooklyn, I believe), who said to me, when we thought we were about to be attacked, "Sergeant, to-day is the fourth of July, and, if attacked, hold forth our

" Emblem, more precious than gold,
With that loved spirit of the old;
And we will stay beneath its stars,
Or die the death of brave martyrs!"

If his words were not of the above, their sentiments were, and they did not bring forth that mirthful criticism which usually attends such remarks, but instead

created such a determination among its hearers, that, should the enemy have attacked us, which we surely expected, they would have met with a stubborn resistance; but the attack was not made, and for a short time we were given a much-needed rest; and we were not forgotten in respect to clothing, for new ones were soon given us, which gift, as well as the rest, we greatly appreciated.

While here at Harrison's Landing, some of our boys took quite a dislike to Gen. Kearney for his persistence in having us to drill; but they soon learned the wisdom of his order, as we (our division) did not lose near as many men through sickness as did those who had no drilling.

On or about the 19th day of August, '62, we took our departure from Harrison's Landing for parts unknown (to us), but that brave army, always ready to obey duty's call, took up their line of march with cheer and song. One morning, after leaving Harrison's Landing, and coming off picket, where we had been all night, we started with the line of march without getting our coffee. This the boys did not like; so, when at about eight o'clock, a. m., Gen. Kearney, coming along our line, our regiment (and, I believe, the whole brigade), began to call out "coffee!"

And their just call was not in vain,
For the noble knight did soon rein
His gallant steed to one near,
When "*Get coffee!*" came with a cheer.

Gen. Kearney, who had formerly commanded a Jersey brigade (the Excelsiors), now commanded our division; Hooker commanding the other division, which composed our corps (3d), of which Gen. Heinselman was commander. Gen. Kearney, after entering upon the peninsular campaign, soon gained the title of "Fighting Phill," but he was as quickly given credit

for his forethought and humanity towards his soldiers, for all of which he was greatly beloved. We finally reached Yorktown, after passing through Williamsburg, and over its late gory battlefield. At Yorktown we embarked on a large transport called the Merrimac, and were soon headed out of the York River and up the Potomac, reaching Alexandria, Va., about August 24, '62. The next day we were taken by the Alexandria and Orange Railroad to Warrenton Junction. After remaining here all night, we (our regiment) guarded a provision train to Warrenton, and remained there all night. The next morning we marched across to Bealston Station, on the Orange and Alexandria Railroad; from here (I believe) the next day, we were taken and stationed as follows:—Two companies at Catlett Station, two companies at Bristow Station, and three companies of us boarded a train to go to Manassas Junction—these stations were all on the Orange and Alexandria Railroad. This, if I mistake not, was on the 28th day of August, '62. After leaving our two companies at Bristow Station and boarding a train, as the day had been very warm and we had done considerable marching, instead of going inside of the cars we went on top of them, and there, as the train was put in motion, we were delighted to find a cooling breeze; and it being after sunset, the evening to us was delightful. How proud we were of this opportunity of getting to our destination without marching the most of the night! But we had not gone far, however, before, to our great surprise, the sound of rifles was heard, and soon their leaden missiles. *Bushwhackers!* was our first soliloquy; but on seeing a brigade of cavalry charging down, and firing as they came upon us, we were awakened from our peaceful meditations as to our future, and brought to fully realize our present, situation.

"SENTIMENTS" OF ONE OF OUR COMPANY.

Bad cess to the gray ragged whelps
And their owld daiffening yelps!
And less power to their mane sows
For prowling about loike owls!

Fortunately the enemy did not rein-up until they got as near the train as they could ride, and then, when they discharged the greater part of their rifles, the contents were sent through the cars and under us. Our rifles not being loaded, and as we hardly had time to load them, all that we could do was to lay as close as possible to the top of the cars—which most assuredly we did—and try to save ourselves from being hit. After getting by the enemy, we found but few of our men had been wounded; but the cars were given such extra ventilation that thereafter there would have been no need of going on their tops for free air. There was another train just behind us, following; this train did not fare even as well as we did, for it was thrown from the track and destroyed. After we had passed by the enemy's cavalry, we continued our journey without further mishaps. On reaching Manassas Junction, our three companies were stationed behind log-houses, so as to resist an attack, should one be made; but we hardly looked for it before the next morning; still we took advantage of all available means of resisting an immediate attack. When we arrived at the Junction, we found one company of cavalry there, and two pieces of artillery. The cavalry, after our arrival, were posted as out-pickets, and the artillery placed in position for action. There was also a picket-line established from our own men, who were a short distance out from where we were posted. My Colonel, fearing we might be overpowered, came to me, and we together hid our colors under an old platform, which was low on the ground and extended out from the log-

house, where my Captain (Leaycraft), myself, and a few of my company were stationed. I now, not wishing to be idle should an attack be made, searched for and found a rifle, and after trying to draw the two or three charges in it and failed, I cleared the tube the best I could, and then filled it with powder. I now placed it where it would be convenient for immediate use. Some of my associates cautioned me against using it, if I did have an occasion, and said the greatest danger of its use would be in its rear.

All remaining quiet, the night soon passed along, and when midnight arrived we were about to take advantage of the peacefulness and get what sleep we could. But peace soon ceased to reign, for twelve o'clock had but just been announced when our cavalry came on a full run and reported the advancing of the enemy. Every man now jumped to his post, and we had not long to await the attack; and when it was made, the enemy being so powerful, they were soon among us; and I think, could they have seen the few there was of us, they would have felt abashed over the fuss they made. The whole surroundings were illuminated by the flashes of their rifles, and the air was filled with their yells. When the attack was first made, I grasped my rifle, and, regardless of the admonition of my associates, took aim and fired! Two, I know, went down by that discharge—my rifle and myself! But neither was injured so badly but what they renewed and continued their action. I soon saw that the enemy would capture us all, unless a few could very soon make their escape. Not wishing to be taken prisoner, or run the risk of my colors remaining safe where they were, and recovered afterward, I threw myself on the ground, after firing a shot, reached and drew my colors from their hiding-place. This was not easily done, for the staff had been put under

from the other side, and I could at first only reach the end of the spear, and the shot that I had fired drew upon me many in return, but they passed harmlessly over me. Having got my colors, I jumped behind the house where my Captain and others were. As I did so, my Captain asked me what I was going to do. I said, "Make my escape, if possible." He began to remonstrate by saying it was impossible for any of us to get away. But I did not await his reasoning; seeing a small place where there was no firing, I took advantage of this outlet, and although I heard many commands of "Surrender" and "Halt," while the bullets were making great music around my head, still I did not slacken my speed until I, with my flag, had made good my escape. Having ran some distance, I began to think of future action. I was now where I had never been before, and knew nothing of my surroundings. Finally, a large white house loomed up before me; this I did not wish to get any nearer to than I was, for I did not know who its inmates might be, so I made my way into a swampy piece of woods, where most of the trees were low and bushy; here I hid my flag, marked the place, and then went off a short distance and laid down, thinking to wait until daylight, when I would try to get out of my dilemma. While lying, the following was prominent in my thoughts:

What great buoyancy there is in
The battle, when you nobly win;
But quite the reverse, when you go
Beaten and routed by the foe.

This I now fully realized, but I did not dwell long upon its truth, for in a few minutes I heard the reports of rifles near me and their bullets passing by. Again my flag and myself started for a more genial land. Dimly seeing through the darkness a woods of tall heavy timber, I made my way towards it, and as I

reached its edge I came to a deep ditch. I had heard of such a ditch or creek in the neighborhood of the Bull Run battle-grounds, and believing this to be it I thought it would lead me to the railroad (Orange and Alexandria), so I started along its edge. After making my way for some distance through its not altogether free and pleasant path, I heard voices ahead of me, but not, however, until I had been heard, for almost the first words I heard from them were, "Who comes there?" Thinking it as well to answer truthfully as otherwise, I said, "One of the 87th New York," and at the same time my mind was made up to jump to one side if I was ordered to surrender, and if possible make my escape; but my challengers proved to be one of my own regiment and two of the cavalry company that had been with us. The one (Simpson) of my regiment partly recognizing my voice, said, "Is that you, Ryder?" I, on answering in the affirmative, was told to hurry, as the enemy was not far behind. They having been on the left of the picket-line had, in falling back, got on the railroad, by which they were now escaping. After joining them, we remained on the railroad till we came to a camp of one of the cavalry companies, where we remained until just after sunrise. After I had joined Simpson and the two cavalymen, we came, while upon our way back, upon two trains which had left Manassas Junction some time before we were attacked. The first that left, on reaching a water-tank, stopped for water, and, while there, was run into by the second. Both locomotives were totally wrecked by this accident, also their cars. As we looked through the cars, we saw probably ten or twelve men killed by the accident; at first we thought it had been the work of the enemy, but, upon examination, we saw how it had happened. The little time that Simpson and myself were at the cavalry camp afforded us but little

rest, and scarcely any sleep. Exerting myself to my utmost ability, when I first started to make my escape, I found my haversack and canteen were more excited than I was; they were jumping about me in a great fashion; so, not wishing to have my progress impeded in any way, I quickly threw them from my shoulders, and left them to look out for themselves. But the next morning, how I would like to have had the contents of my haversack! Fortunately, the cavalrymen gave Simpson and me two "hard tack" each and a small portion of their coffee; this, though a "light" breakfast, greatly revived us. In justice to the cavalrymen, I will say that their meal was about as "light" as ours. When Simpson and I had finished our "hard tack," we were about to decide upon some plan of procedure, but the question was decided by a Jersey brigade coming from Alexandria by train. As they passed us, all sorts of abuse was heaped upon us by them. We tried to board the train, so as to go out to the front with them, but the train was under too great headway, so we followed as quickly as we could, intending, if we reached them before they went into battle, to join their ranks, and show them that we were not the "stragglers" or "beats" that they had termed us. As the train neared the open field from which, about three-fourths of a mile out, was Manassas Junction, it stopped, and the troops were soon off and formed in line. Gen. Taylor, who was in command, with his staff, immediately rode out in the open field. This brought them in full view of the enemy, who did not lose a moment in opening a fire upon them, and their fire was so successful that Gen. Taylor was instantly mortally wounded, and one or two of his staff wounded quite badly. Gen. Taylor died in about two days after being wounded. The result of the enemy's battery (for such it was that had wounded Gen. Taylor and two of his

officers) appeared to instantly demoralize the whole brigade; and Simpson and myself were completely taken aback when we saw the "every-man-for-himself" retreat they were on. "Now it is our turn to laugh," said Simpson to me, and we did not hesitate in doing it; still we regretted the sad fate of the General and his staff officers as much as did any. As soon as the brigade had passed to the rear of us, we leisurely took up our retreat, for we knew there was no cause for great exertion, as the enemy would have all they could attend to in the opposite direction, where our whole army was. After going back some distance, we came upon some of the Jersey brigade, who said they were going to stay there, and had orders to keep all who came to them. This Simpson and I did not object to, as we were only too anxious to get in with some party that had rations and would be likely to go out to the front as soon as an opportunity offered itself. But, to our great surprise, we soon found this party falling back—for what reason we did not know; so there was nothing for us to do but follow, which we did till we came to another halt, when we were led to believe that all were to remain until the next morning, when an advance would be made; but again, to our great surprise, a locomotive with four or five cars came out to us at about eight o'clock, p. m., and, returning immediately, conveyed all of our associates to Alexandria. Simpson and I, not supposing they were going to board the train, were left a short distance out one side, where we had been lying down resting ourselves, and had occasionally caught a moment's sleep; still we were lying where there were many others, and when we were aroused, probably by the locomotive, we instantly realized our situation. The train was just leaving, and we were left alone. It was now getting quite dark, the woods making it more so. This was sad for us,

but we were obliged to make the best of it; so we started off boldly to walk to Alexandria. Just after midnight we reached (I believe) Burk's Station, where we found ten or twelve of the brigade, who wanted us to remain there with them until morning; but as we could see there would be nothing gained by doing so, we continued on our journey. About daybreak we reached the open field, which was yet some distance from Alexandria. Here we lay down to have a rest; but there was no rest for us there, as the mosquitoes appeared to seriously object to it, so we were again to "tramp" on. We were now feeling greatly fatigued and in want of something to eat, as we had eaten nothing since the morning before, when we got the two crackers each from the cavalrymen. Finally, we saw, a short distance ahead of us, a commissary department. This gave us new courage, and our steps became quicker; but this, however, was not to last long, for on reaching the commissary department, and asking a man, probably about fifty years of age, for a few crackers (of which there were plenty even lying on the ground, which we would have been thankful for), he turned and stared at us for a moment, and then said: "If you want something to eat, you should go and join your regiment, and not come around here begging." This greatly aroused our ire, and we in very plain words told him what we thought of him, and then continued our journey.

On reaching Alexandria, we met an old colored man, of whom we inquired as to where we could get something to eat. He informed us that there was a place near-by where crackers and soup were given out at noon each day. It now being near noon, we soon sought and found this place, where we greatly relished a bowl of soup and two crackers which were unhesitatingly given us. We now went in search of Co. F, of our

regiment, which had been left to do duty in Alexandria. After finding them, it was a great relief to both Simpson and myself. As we were well tired out that night, I assure you we slept well. But the next night we were carrying wounded from the cars till a late hour, and the only one that I knew personally was William Willett, of my village, who was wounded in the head. He belonged to the 12th New York.

After remaining in Alexandria a few days, we received orders to march out to Arlington Heights, and were informed that a portion of our regiment was encamped there; after being captured by the enemy they were paroled. While marching out, I had my colors unfurled while carrying them; still they attracted but little attention until we reached our own boys,

When, hark! what hearty cheers were those!
And look! and see from whence they rose!
It was the glad and thankful cheer
Of those who loved their colors dear!

On entering the camp of my late associates, I could not answer half the questions asked me by them concerning my escape. They had not thought it possible. My Colonel said to me, that, after he had heard that I had taken the colors from their hiding-place, he had regretted my act, as he felt positive that I had been killed or wounded, and that the colors had fallen into the hands of the enemy; if they had been left in their hiding-place, he said, they would have been burnt up, as were all the buildings at the Station—which he would rather have seen than to have had the enemy get them; but as he now saw that both (the colors and myself) were safe, his misfortune was greatly lightened. These were the sentiments of all who were captured; and all of those three companies who were at the Junction were captured, with the exception of, I believe, three or four of us. After I had joined this portion of

my regiment, I learned the fate of the other companies when we were attacked at midnight. The other companies were also attacked, and many of them were either killed, wounded, or taken prisoners. The Captain of "H" Company (Sullivan), who would not surrender when ordered to do so, was shot through the head, and killed instantly, while trying to make his escape. As there were but a few of our regiment left for duty (those who had been paroled being debarred), an order was issued from the War Department consolidating us (the rank and file) into the 40th New York Volunteers.

Here a scene of great tumult rose,
Nearly ending in blood of those
Who were clothed in bright valor grand
By heroic deeds for our land.

The act of consolidation created a great deal of dissatisfaction in our regiment, and when we were marched to the camp of the 40th, and halted in line of battle in front of them, who were also in line, we still felt a greater aversion to the consolidation. After the order had been read to us by Col. Ward (afterwards General), of the 28th New York Volunteers, we were asked by him whether we were willing to submit to the order? In answer nearly every man said "No!" and the "No" rang out so clear that there was no mistaking it. Col. Ward then said, if we would not come in willingly, he would *force us in*, or shoot us down, or words to that effect; so he gave the 40th the order to load. This order the 87th obeyed, as well as did the 40th; also the command "Ready!" Our two regiments were not more than fifty yards apart, and facing each other. Col. Ward, seeing what the result of proceeding in that course would be, wisely changed his tactics, and gave the command, "Shoulder arms!" Each man was now taken, as he was told, a prisoner, and placed in the

ranks of the respective companies; after which we were all marched into the 40th camp with both of our colors flying. After this we heard nothing more of being prisoners; we did our duty together, and were all treated alike. Upon all occasions, when the regiment was out, our two colors were carried together, I carrying the 87th's, and the 40th's color-bearer carrying theirs. I continued to carry the 87th's colors until taken from me by an order from the War Department, as heretofore mentioned.

Shortly after being consolidated, we were marched across the Potomac, and up through Maryland, to or near White's Ford. While here, Lieut. George Hudson came and got our colors (first part of Oct., '62). Although it was very hard for me to part with them, and it appeared unjust, still the order had to be obeyed, every man (those of the late 87th) feeling their loss, I believe, nearly, if not quite, as keenly as I did. But there was one thing that we all felt proud of, and that was, that not only ourselves felt that we had fulfilled our obligations in respect to our old flag, but that it was freely acknowledged by our officers. Lieut. Hudson bringing a letter of high praise of my past conduct to the Colonel of the 40th, caused that gentleman and soldier to say to me that I, having been recommended so highly, he could not put me back in my company, neither could he give me the 40th's National flag, as the one who was then carrying it was the fourth to carry it in the late battle (Bull Run), but what he could and would do was to give me their State flag, which he did; so I still remained a Sergeant and Color-Bearer. I might say here, that when we were attacked at Manassas Junction, it was, as I might say, the commencement of the second Bull Run, and that Chantilly was a continuation of the battle. Our march up through Maryland was so hurriedly that we could not

at first account for it, only in this way, that of having a cavalry General, Stoneman, in command of us, instead of our own (Kearney),

Noble and beloved one; armed knight,
Who met death in Chantilly fight;
But contagious was his spirit,
And we all had well inhaled it.

So, even though our march was hurriedly, and of long hours, we did not murmur, but cheerfully did our duty. But on reaching our destination we learned the cause of our hurried march. Confederate Gen. Stuart had, on the 10th of October, '62, crossed the Potomac, and had rode through a part of Maryland, and even in Pennsylvania, doing considerable damage. We, on the 12th of October, '62, having just arrived, we (40th), were marching along the Potomac towards and near White's Ford, when we saw the enemy on the opposite side of the Potomac, they having just crossed. We now used greater exertions, in order to reach White's Ford, and, if possible, prevent any more of them from crossing; but as we arrived at the Ford we found it well guarded by a battery of artillery, and as the road which we were on was very narrow—made so by the Potomac on one side and a high cliff on the other—we were unable to form a line of battle, and charge it; so Colonel Egan marched us a short distance to the rear, and then entered the woods, thinking to find a place where we could charge down upon them; but while we were marching through the woods the battery crossed, and thus the last of Stuart's men made their escape, and were again safe on Virginia soil. It was believed at this time that Stuart, with all of his command, could and would have been captured, only for some misunderstanding between some of our corps' commanders.

We were now encamped at White's Ford, and having lately got new clothing, and getting our rations

regularly, we greatly enjoyed our camp life. Our duty, while encamped here, was light. Occasionally we would ford the river and go on a reconnoitring expedition in Virginia. These expeditions always proved to be of a pleasant character.

On October 26, '62, we again crossed the Potomac, and with the Army of the Potomac advanced towards Warrenton, commanded by our long-trusted General, McClellan, which well pleased us; but this pleasure we were not long allowed to retain, for on our arrival at Warrenton, McClellan was relieved of command (November 7, '62), and Gen. Burnside assumed command three days later (10th). The relieving of McClellan from his command of the Army of the Potomac was believed by many of his old command to be through prejudice; and as they always had great confidence in him, it was with regret that they saw him go

From those he loved with that high pride
Which is infused when by the side
Of valiant freemen of one's land
United in an army grand.

McClellan's presence always brought forth great cheering from his army, but on taking his leave he was cheered as no other officer ever was;

Its echo rang o'er hill and dell,
And told our nation all too well
How dear they loved their "little Mac,"
And how they longed to have him back!

After Gen. Burnside took command, we were marched towards Fredericksburg, a portion of our army reaching Falmouth (which is on the Rappahannock River, and nearly opposite Fredericksburg), Nov. 17, '62, and it was but a few days before our whole army was encamped, facing the enemy, with only the narrow river between us. Here we remained until December 10, '62, when preparations were made for an attack. The work

of getting our army across the river was hardly accomplished till the 12th, they being obliged to cross on pontoon bridges, which made their progress very slow. When the 40th started for the scene of action, it was with some pride that I unfurled and carried aloft that well-deserved historic regiment's flag. I was now the Color-Bearer of the 40th, having been given that position about the time our army arrived at Warrenton (Nov. 7), through sickness of the former color-sergeant, who had been obliged to go to a hospital. The National flag I now carried was a new one, and we had only had it about two weeks. The first day that I carried it was on a grand review of the army by President Lincoln; and the second,

Not a review of grandeur bright,
But of great courage and its might,
And the carnage of that affray,
Which causes sorrow till this day.

When we left our camp, we marched to the pontoon bridges opposite Fredericksburg, and there we expected to cross the river; but we did not; we were halted and kept together until about 9 o'clock, p. m., when we were ordered in line, and marched hurriedly, until about midnight, towards the left, where Gen. Franklin crossed. Here we halted, and remained until the next morning, Dec. 13, '62, when we were called up early and told to get coffee. Little time was given us, however, to get that morning's meal, for hardly had we drank our coffee, when we were ordered to "fall in," and again we took up our line of march, and did not halt until we reached the edge of the river, and then only for a few moments, when we (all of our brigade) crossed the river—near where Gen. George Washington passed his childhood days—and were ordered on the double quick; the horses drawing our artillery were whipped to their utmost speed; and thus we went out

about one mile, where we formed a line of battle, and none too soon either, for the enemy had Gen. Franklin's troops completely routed, who had at first driven the enemy. On forming our line on a long ridge, our artillery, with their horses on the run, came in position, unlimbered, and ran their caissons a short distance to the rear, and immediately opened fire. The infantry came in on the run and formed a line in their rear. Here our artillery exhibited the coolest of bravery, and I doubt whether their heroism was ever excelled. After fully establishing our line, our artillery, although well tested, finally checked and caused the enemy to fall back under cover of the woods.

For a few hours now all remained quiet, with the exception of the "rebel" sharpshooters, who kept up a steady fire upon us with considerable effect, till we got a small rifle-pit, which protected our heads. Previous to getting this rifle-pit, we used our blankets, rolled tight, for head-protectors, which rendered good service. As we were lying down, nearly every man that was hit was hit in the head. During the afternoon the fighting was very severe at Fredericksburg, and in fact along our whole line to the right of us; and it was probably to see whether the enemy had withdrawn from our front that my regiment and the 38th New York were sent into a piece of woods in our front, which was not more than three hundred yards from our main line. But just before coming to the woods, we came upon a deep ditch; this a few jumped, but the most of our men were obliged to jump into it and then crawl out. The two regiments of us were in one line as we advanced, and the rebel pickets kept up a steady fire upon us; still we continued till near the woods, when the most, if not all, of the rebel pickets surrendered to us. They were sent to the rear without escort. We now opened fire, and were soon a short distance in the woods, where we

met an overwhelming force. So great was this force, and so near were we to them, that by the determined stand our two regiments took, few survived it. Just in the point of the woods where we entered the Fredericksburg and Potomac Railroad ran through, and as I was crossing this railroad a bullet passed through one side of my flagstaff, cutting one-half away, about three inches above my right hand, with which I was carrying my colors. This caused my flag to fall, and some who had seen it circulated the report that I had been killed. After my colors fell, I immediately picked them up and continued my advance, but went only a short distance beyond the railroad. The enemy were now not more than from ten to fifteen yards in front of us, and they were crossing the railroad and getting in the rear of us about twenty yards to my right. On observing this I also noticed that I was there alone—with the exception of dead and wounded. What few of our two regiments as had been yet spared were trying to make their escape, and the nearest of them to me was some ten yards in my rear, and on the retreat. So great was the enemy's firing now, that it did not appear possible that I could get clear, but to stay where I was my colors would be in the enemy's hands in a moment's time. The thought of this fairly maddened me, yet it looked to me sure death to make the attempt of escape; still realizing my position, I lost no time; so, gathering my colors about their staff, I started, and bounding with such swiftness that it appeared but like a flash, my colors were transferred from their perilous position to one of safety. How thankful I was when I reached the few that were spared to retreat! for, while with them, if I fell, my colors would be picked up and saved. On reaching the ditch, I easily sprang over it; but some, who were unable to do so, jumped into it, and there remained. After I had crossed the

ditch, a lieutenant of the 38th held their flag, and called out for the 38th to stand, and added, "Let the 40th run, if they wish." This was too much for me, so I instantly drove the end of my flagstaff in the ground, and called for the 40th to rally, adding, that the 40th would stand as long as the 38th or any other regiment. But how sad, on looking around me, to see how few there were left of us; still what few there were rallied with a braveness that never was excelled. In a moment afterwards I chanced to look around, but did not see that lieutenant or his flag! The artillerymen now calling for us to fall back to the right, we did so, and then they opened on the advancing line of about two full brigades, who were closely following us. On reaching our line, I entered where Gen. Ward, who commanded our brigade, was standing with his staff officers (they were on horseback). When I came up to Gen. Ward, with his sword uplifted, he asked me whose colors I had. I answered, "The 40th New York's." "Where are you going with them?" he then said. I answering again, said "In behind the artillery." "Go on, then," said the General; and as I went, so did he, but he went to the rear. On reaching a few of my regiment, I laid down with them in the rear of our artillery. I say "in the rear;" but what few there were in the rear of the guns were only a short distance—the most of us were on a line, in between the guns. The enemy continuing their charge, they were but a short distance from us when I laid down. On this line we had, I believe, sixty pieces of artillery, and they were but five yards apart, and all raking grape and canister into the advancing line; still on they came, with such determined steadiness that it did not appear possible to check them; yet our artillerymen, with their grape and canister, were creating great havoc in their ranks; but on they came, cheering and yelling, and their officers urging them on

in the charge. They came, some of them, to within five yards of our guns; but their ranks having been greatly thinned, and our artillery continuing their steady destruction, and the sight of the infantry who were waiting their part, were too much for their (as it must be admitted) great courage, so they broke and fled, many of whom took refuge in the ditch, and remained there, with a few of our men, until a company of a Pennsylvania regiment belonging to our brigade charged down and captured all.

The enemy lost heavily in this charge, their killed and wounded commencing five yards from our guns and continuing all the way to the woods. The distance from where I was lying to one of the enemy's dead was six paces, as I paced it myself.

After the enemy had fallen back, all of my regiment were got together, and we found that out of 96 men who had gone into the battle there were but 16 left for duty! We had, before going into the battle, 125 men, 25 of whom were detailed to help one of our batteries, and 4 men were left behind when we crossed the river. Colonel Egan being absent on leave, our Lieutenant-Colonel commanded the regiment. He was wounded while in the battle, and twice while being taken to the rear; the two latter wounds were from pieces of shells. When our regiment was formed together, it was but a small company, and we had only, I believe, three officers. If I regretted the loss of one man more than another, it was the loss of my long associate, Wilson, of whom I have heretofore made mention. On the 4th of July, while at Harrison's Landing, Wilson, I believe, was killed, as I never heard of him after.

The next day (the 14th,) a flag of truce went in from our line to the enemy's, and after a little delay arrangements were made for burying the dead.

This, I think, was the greatest sight
Ever witnessed after a fight,
There mingling together those foes—
Some in greatest mirth; others, woes.

It was a sight rarely, if ever, seen, such as we witnessed when the Federal and Confederate details went upon that open field and began that sad and laborious duty. This was taken advantage of by both main lines, and in a short time there were those two great hostile bodies mingling together with the greatest of friendship.

The sight revere, of blue and gray,
As they their dead lay away;
Again, the blue and gray in mirth
Upon that deep-crimsoned earth.

The picture of which, to one who would think calmly, was of great depth. After the burying of the dead, those two great bodies of unrestrained men were again quickly converted into two great hostile armies, and assumed their former positions and attitudes, that of being ready, upon provocation, to deluge that already blood-stained field. But war often has a bright side. While these men were together on the field (while the burying was being performed), they agreed among each other to have no firing, unless one or the other advanced to make an attack. This gave all, during the remainder of our stay, the privilege of standing or walking about, which was a great relief. On the 15th we recrossed the river, under cover of the darkness. As we had been lying very near the enemy, it required great stealth on our part to make our escape unsuspected; but this we accomplished. Thus ended the battle of Fredericksburg, a sad defeat to the Union armies. After I had fallen back in the rear of our artillery, and all had become quiet, my colors were examined by all who were near. In that battle there

had been 22 bullets shot through my flag, one through the staff, about three inches above my hand, and another through the staff, in about the middle of the blue ground, tearing a large three-cornered hole. While here, my name was taken in full by one of the officers, but I did not suspect the reason thereof. Shortly after we had returned to our old camp, an order was read, while we were on dress parade, announcing my promotion with others. I was placed in command of Company B, whose Captain (Foster) had been wounded so badly that he never was able for duty again, and its other officers, I believe, were killed. I had not been in command of my company long when I was sent for by my Colonel, and on entering his tent I found all of our officers and some of our brigade staff officers there, and to my great surprise I was called up and presented with a handsome gold medal. This medal, I was informed afterwards, cost fifty dollars, and was got up by a firm in Boston, Mass. (Bigelow Bros. & Kennard.) On one side are engraved my initials, "R. H. R." and the American Eagle; on the other is:

"PRESENTED BY THE
OFFICERS OF THE 40TH REGT. N. Y. VOLUNTEERS
TO
COLOR-BEARER RICHARD H. RYDER,
FOR
HIS BRAVERY AT THE BATTLE OF FREDERICKSBURG, VA.,
DEC. 13, 1862."

Both of these acts—that of my commission and the medal—were a great surprise to me, for I had not thought that I had merited so much consideration, and knew that I had only done my duty as all of my associates did. The position that I held—Color-Bearer—had come to be looked upon with great distrust, as in every other battle the 40th had been in they had lost their color-bearer, and in some cases two or three:

with me, I had been fortunate while carrying the colors, but my color-corporals had been unfortunate, as I had lost nearly all of them in every battle I had been in.

TO THE OFFICERS OF THE 40TH N. Y. VOLS.

In decking me with this bright gem,
You were decked with a diadem
More precious than your golden gift,
Which ever will your names uplift.

After returning to our camp, all remained quiet until the 26th day of January, 1863, when the "Burnside stick in the mud," as it was called, took place. There was no doubting Gen. Burnside's loyalty or sincerity of purpose, but there was great doubt as to his ability in coping with Gen. Lee; still fortune appeared to be against him, and it would be unjust to censure him for his mishaps while in command. After we had, on the 26th, again started to cross the Rappahannock and attack the enemy, a rain set in, and it was surprising how muddy the roads became, and in such a short time. The crossing was to have been just above Fredericksburg. Our brigade was on the advance, and, as I understood, our regiment (40th) was to have been the first to cross the river. As night set in we halted near the river, and remained there all night; but what a night it was!—a cold rain falling upon us all night; and it was with thankful hearts that we saw that it was impossible for our artillery to be got up the next morning. Still Gen. Burnside showed a determination to cross, and when mules and horses could not draw the artillery, whole regiments were used; but when it was found that all failed, the crossing was abandoned, and the army took up their return march, feeling sad because they had met with such poor success of late, but thankful that this affair was not another Fredericksburg. Shortly after this, Gen. Burnside resigned,

and Gen. Hooker was placed in command. "Fighting Joe," as he was called, was well liked by all of his army, for his association with them had proved his character and worth; but it was feared by many of the army that he would meet with no better success than did Gen. Burnside.

When Spring had fully set in, the grand old army was again called upon to do battle, and nobly they responded; and when they, on the 1st day of May, 1863, began the Chancellorsville battle, it was with a cheerful determination that they fought to win, if possible. When we (I believe our whole corps) left our camp, we were marched about two miles above Fredericksburg, and then, by a forced march till midnight, to where our main army crossed the Rapidan River. Here we remained until daylight, when we again "fell in" and marched across the river, and just before sunset that day we were within about two hundred yards of and facing the enemy, who were in rifle-pits in a piece of woods. Our line here was on an old plank or turnpike road, and joined on Gen. Howard's (11th Army Corps) left, Gen. Howard's corps having the extreme right of our army's line. The next day (2nd), Gen. Sickels, who was now commanding our (3rd) corps—at first commanded by Gen. Heintzelman—saw that an opportunity had presented itself for him to make an attack, so he sought and obtained permission to do so. Our corps was now soon put in motion, and we began our advance, and as we did the enemy began their retreat, and before sunset we had them completely routed, and we were hilarious over our triumph and their promiscuous retreat. As an attack had also been made at Fredericksburg, we believed they as well as us had been victorious, and that now we had gained a complete victory; but how sad it was for us when we learned that when we had got the enemy completely routed,

they had completely routed the 11th Corps, and that we now were obliged to retrace our steps, which we did, and at midnight made a charge upon the enemy, who were lying on the very ground that we held that morning, and we charging from the position that they held. As our division entered upon this charge, our orders were to use only the bayonet, and no rifles were to be loaded. The order for my regiment was to march up a road in column, by companies, till opposite the enemy's right flank, then wheel in line of battle and charge upon their flank. Having marched a short distance up this road, we came upon the enemy in great force on both sides of the road, who opened upon us with such a tremendous fire that we were obliged to fall back; we even made the third attempt to break them, but with no better success. Shortly after our third charge, my Colonel said that he believed the enemy had fallen back, and ordered me to take a detail and go up the road, and if I met with no opposition to continue till I reached the plank road (where our line was that morning), and then send word back to him and he would bring the regiment out. I got a detail of ten men and one sergeant, and then started. I did not believe for one moment that the enemy had fallen back; so after leaving my regiment, I sent the sergeant on the opposite side of the road, and ordered him to deploy his men and advance cautiously, telling him also that I would do the same on my side, and that I would keep near the road, and if he heard any signs of me coming upon the enemy to halt his men, and then act as his judgment taught him; also to use his own judgment should he come upon the enemy—which I did not think likely, as I felt sure that I would come upon them first. This midnight charge was called the "moonlight charge;" but when I began my advance with my detail we were obliged to grope our way through the woods,

and when I reached the place where my regiment had been fired upon, I was in the act of making my way through a thick cluster of low bushes, when one of my men, who was with men, pulled me back and pointed through the bushes. On looking I there could see, not more than five yards ahead of me, the rebel line lying down. I was about to try and get back, but just then Col. Egan came riding up the road and calling me. Knowing that unless I answered him, he would ride into the enemy's line and be taken prisoner; so I answered. I was then ordered by my Colonel to send one of my men for a wounded man who was calling for some one to come and get him; but no sooner had my Colonel given me the order than I was ordered to come in and give myself up, and Col. Egan was ordered to dismount and surrender. When he was ordered to surrender, he asked who it was that dared to order him to surrender. "It makes no difference who I am; you dismount and surrender this instant, or I will bring you down from that horse," was the answer. Col. Egan then immediately wheeled his horse about, and mid a shower of bullets made good his escape. When I was ordered to surrender, the man who was by my side said to me, "Well, I suppose we have got to surrender." I answered, saying "I suppose we have;" whereupon he walked in and gave himself up. I standing still for a moment listening to the parley between the rebel officer and my Colonel made me think that I might yet get away; so, when my Colonel was fired upon, I took a few steps back. This gave me courage to "make a break for freedom;" so I turned and ran; but before getting back to my regiment, I came upon my whole detail, with the exception of the one who had given himself up. I then placed them in position, and gave the order, if the enemy advanced, to fire and fall back slow. I then went back to report, but just as I reached

my regiment my detail began to fire, so I instantly returned to them and found that the enemy were advancing. We all then fell back to our regiment, which was still lying in the woods alone, and about fifty yards in front of our main line. The enemy continuing to advance, and keeping up their firing, caused those of our main line in our rear to open fire. This placed us not only in a queer but dangerous position; we all instantly lay flat upon the ground, but the firing being so great we lay but a second, when we began to crawl out towards the right. Fortunately we soon got out from under the fire; but now to get back in our line caused a serious thought, for there was none but the enemy supposed to be in front of the line where we wished to enter. After a moment's consultation, Capt. Stevens and myself were chosen to go in, so we started boldly, and conversing as we went. Just before getting to our line, the welcome words, "Who comes there?" greeted our ears. We answered, "Friends," and then told our story. An officer being called, one of us was ordered to advance, and soon the other, after which arrangements were soon made for bringing in our regiment. I might say here that great credit is due the picket (who was not more than five yards in front of the main line), who challenged us, for many, under the circumstances, it being very dark, and believing that none but the enemy were in their front, would have fired upon us instead of challenging, which in all probability would have been the cause of annihilating the few that were now left of us. I might say here, also, that our regiment had been somewhat recruited since the battle of Fredericksburg, Dec. 13, so that on entering this battle we numbered about 150 men. After getting in the rear of the main line, we were allowed a rest; but the rest did not last long, for about sunrise, or just after, the enemy made a grand attack. Through all of

this day we supported batteries. The battle being so fierce, the enemy fighting with such determination, our troops were obliged to keep constantly falling back till we came to where we could throw up breastworks. Here we checked the enemy, and we continued to hold them in check until the 6th instant, when we evacuated and fell back across the Rapidan River, and again returned to our old camping ground. Thus with great loss we suffered another defeat.

After this battle—our regiment having been again greatly reduced—another order of consolidation was issued. This order consolidated some of our companies into others, and dispensed with some of our officers. We now had the three-year men of the 31st and 38th New York Regiments (they were two-year regiments) placed in ours; also the 55th and some other regiment of New York State. When my company was consolidated I was placed in command of "E" Company, which was composed principally of the 55th men. This company numbered about fifty, and I even yet feel the pride of commanding that company of such noble heroes; they were disciplined and their drilling was perfect, and they were all "battle-proven soldiers;" but my pleasant connection with them was not to last long, for a number of our officers had to be mustered out so as to admit a portion of the 55th's officers. Col. Egan, not wishing to decide who should be mustered out, sent a circular around among the officers, asking who of them wished to resign, also stating the cause and particulars of the circular. Our officers, having previously gained some information as to what the result of the consolidation would be, now held a consultation among themselves, which resulted, I am proud to say, in proving their yet steadfast patriotism and willingness to continue the battle for the Union, but they wished to continue it in their old regiment. After

the consolidation I tried to view the question fairly; my thoughts were as to who had the best right to remain in the regiment. It was true the consolidated men had the same right as the original members had, and they were treated with the same respect; still, as I had been treated as fairly by them, could I consistently provoke an ill-feeling by insisting upon staying and obliging some one of them to leave? Although it was with regret that I would leave the regiment,

Still, could I be such an ingrate,
To turn their brave love into hate?
No! I am justly proud to say
My honor held me in its sway.

I went to Col. Egan's quarters and handed in my resignation, and stated to him my reasons for so doing. At first my request to resign would not be listened to, but I saying that I would not think of being so ungrateful as to be the means of causing any one of the old members to leave, and as each one of them had been promoted through their bravery, I was finally told by my Colonel that he would consider my act; but the number of names which had been called for had to be sent to General Headquarters that day; so I not giving way from the stand I had taken, my resignation was handed in with others, and in a few days our discharges came. It was on a Saturday, and I expected to have got mine that day, but it was held back from me; so not being relieved, I was obliged to remain, and was out with my company the next (Sunday) morning on inspection. This, however, was not a loathsome duty to me, for to command that company out, or under any circumstances, was a pleasure to me. The next day (Monday), early in the morning, Col. Egan sent for me, and after I had entered his tent he very proudly informed me that he had gained the privilege of retaining me. I soon learned how he had

accomplished his object, and as I saw that it would eventually cause the discharge of another, I would not concede to the measure, although the following inducements were advanced:—First, I was to remain in command of my ("E") company; second, that a first lieutenant's commission would be procured for me immediately; and third, that I was to receive a captain's commission within a month's time. But all of this would not cause me to consent to an act which I feared would cause an ill-feeling between my late associates and myself. I assured Col. Egan that I would be but a short time out of the service. The Colonel, seeing that I was justified in my action, reluctantly and sorrowfully handed me my discharge, and, as I had but little time to spare, my departure was hurriedly.

But as melancholy were we all
As though returning from the toll
Which had separated in this life
Tried friends of a great worldly strife.

And can it be said that we were not parting under such sad circumstances? for how soon many were taken from this world to "that from which none ever return!" There was a young lieutenant of the 40th who had always, after I had got my sword, greatly admired it, and often wanted me to exchange with him for his; but I could not be induced to make the exchange until leaving the regiment, and then, out of friendship, I traded with him; but the poor fellow was killed shortly after, while in a battle, and in all probability my sword (as it had been) went into the hands of the enemy, but I still retain his.

On leaving the 40th's camp I had but a short distance to go to where I boarded a train, which in a short time took me to Acquia Creek, where I arrived just in time to board a steamer for Washington, *via* the Potomac River. I arrived in Washington, D. C., early that

evening, and intended to have gone the next day over to Alexandria and looked for the 16th Virginia Regiment, where my friend Thomas O'Neill was, he having, through sickness, left the 87th New York, and afterwards accepted a first lieutenant's commission in the 16th (Union) Regiment. On my way to a hotel I met one of the 16th's drummers, who informed me that the 16th was about to be mustered out of the service, and that my friend O'Neill was stopping at the Franklin House, corner of D and 8th streets. I then went to the Franklin House, and stayed there until I received my pay, which was nine days after I had arrived in the city. The Army of the Potomac moving, a day or two after I had left, caused a delay in the copy of my discharge reaching the Paymaster-General's Office. After getting my pay I immediately returned home,

To friends and village ever fair,
For there was centred all my care.
The charms and beauties new to see
Allured me not from "Canarsie."

I had not been home long, however, when I learned of a regiment that was—so I was informed—soon to go on gunboats and do duty on the York and James Rivers. This suited me; for, while I was in the "moonlight" charge (May 3, '63) at Chancellorsville, Va., I had my left leg injured at the knee, and was still feeling its effects, and fearing that I could not endure too much marching in the future, I was pleased to have the opportunity of doing duty near my old army associates, and at the same time not be subjected to its long and fatiguing marches. Therefore, on July 4, 1863, I enlisted in Battery B, 13th New York Heavy Artillery, commanded by William Hoffman. After I had enlisted I was privileged to remain at home as I pleased, having so recently received my discharge. During the forenoon of July 12th, 1863, I was standing near my battery's

recruiting office, which was at the junction of Walker and opposite Baxter street, New York City, and while standing there I was asked by a loiterer whether I was not a soldier? (I was then in civilian dress). I answered that I was. "Well, if you can, you had better get out of the city; for I tell you, for your own good, that soldiers will fare hard here in a day or two." Upon receiving this informaton I naturally asked for proof of it, but he would only say that I had better act upon his advice. There was a fear already existing in the city that a riot would take place, and that soon. I remained at our recruiting office until the afternoon, when I reported to my Captain what I had heard. Towards evening there was enough of our battery placed in White Street Arsenal to man a battery of light artillery which was there. I was one of the number to go in the arsenal, and I remained there during all of the riot, which immediately began to rage throughout the city, and which resulted in the loss of many lives and a vast amount of property. At the arsenal we were not attacked, the rioters probably having too great a fear of our guns, which were well manned and always ready for action. A part of our battery, which were used in the streets, and as infantry, lost four men.

After the riot was over we were taken to Staten Island, and from there to Fort Hamilton, which is on the Long Island side of New York Bay; from Fort Hamilton we embarked on board of the transport steamer "Reno," and were conveyed by her to Norfolk, Va., at which place we arrived, I believe, in the first part of October, 1863. After reaching Norfolk, we were taken out about five miles beyond Portsmouth, Va. (Portsmouth is just across the Elizabeth River from Norfolk); here we encamped, and as the weather was good, we had ample time to prepare for the winter; so when cold weather set in we were snugly housed in Fort Cushing, and not

until then did we know that only a part of our regiment were to go on gunboats, and the rest of us were to act as heavy artillery. Our duty now was to drill as heavy artillery, and infantry as well. Of building forts, doing guard and picket duty, and out on reconnoitring expeditions we had plenty. The first reconnoitring expedition that I was with, left Suffolk, Va., at five o'clock one morning, and through mud and rain marched all that day, reaching the Black Water (distance, 20 miles,) near sunset. After driving the enemy from the opposite side of the river, we crossed, by being ferried across in a large scow that had been heroically got from the enemy's side by a young man from one of the gunboats who was with us (our expedition being made up from some of our regiment's gunboatmen), and who swam the river. When we had crossed we continued our march until we reached Murfrees Station—distance about eight miles from the river—arriving at the Station at midnight. Just before reaching the Station we had a little skirmish with the enemy, and then, after driving them, went to work destroying property. We burnt 150 bales of cotton and three Station buildings, and then destroyed the railroad around the Station. Having completed our work of destruction, we took up our return march, and reached the Black Water about sunrise. Here we had but a short rest, when we continued our return march, and reached Suffolk the next morning at five o'clock, greatly fatigued, having been forty-eight hours without sleep and hardly any rest. As our clothing had got wet through early in our first day's march, and the roads continually very muddy, the march had been very trying on us. The enemy followed us very close while returning, but they did not attack us; but after we had got back in Suffolk they attacked and killed all but one man of a reserve picket post. I say they "killed all but one man;" if that man

did live, I cannot imagine how he ever lived, for he had fourteen bullet-wounds, and was left for dead by the enemy, but was still living two or three days after. This reserve picket belonged to a cavalry regiment; the one who was out on post escaped by hiding in the woods. The cavalry regiment who were encamped at Suffolk, hearing the firing, went out, and the sight that met their eyes (their dead comrades) fairly maddened them; so they started for the Black Water, and I was told that they burnt every house on their way, but they did not "catch" the enemy.

Afterwards I was out on another expedition towards the Black Water, our Lieut.-Colonel commanding, and I, after putting all the details together, forming them in one company, acted as First Sergeant. The following is a letter showing the Lieut.-Colonel's appreciation of my service while under him:

FORT CUSHING, NEAR PORTSMOUTH, VA.,

April 19th, 1865.

SERGT. R. H. RYDER,

Co. B, 13th N. Y. Artillery:

I am requested by Lieut.-Col. J. J. Walsh, of this Regiment, to present you this as a mark of appreciation in which he holds you for the valuable services rendered, and soldierly deportment displayed, while under his command lately at Suffolk, Va.

Respectfully,

WM. HOFFMAN,

Captain Battery B, 13th N. Y. Artillery.

Our batteries being stationed in separate forts, and situated some distance apart, we would only be visited occasionally by our field officers, so we knew but very little of them; still I had been told that Lieut.-Col. Walsh was a very strict officer, and there were but few who could get along with him. So when I was appointed by him to act as First Sergeant, I hardly knew what the result would be. For the first day or two while at

Suffolk, the Colonel would come to me in a great hurry and tell me to get my company ready to march. I would call the company out and form them in line, and even at the first time I was particular to have my company divided into platoons and sections, and properly counted off. About the time I would have my company formed the Colonel would return; he, after giving me the order, would go back to his quarters. I would then turn the company over to him, and report all present, as such I would find to be the case after calling the roll. The Colonel, after taking command, would be sure to see that the company was properly formed, by facing and wheeling them. After satisfying himself that all was right, he would order me to dismiss the company, but hold them ready to march at a moment's notice. We soon learned that he was a strict officer; but when we returned from our expedition, we all thought more of him than we ever did before. One pleasant trip I was on, and that was: I was sent with and in charge of a detail of men to Fortress Monroe, and there took charge of one hundred men whom I had to deliver to Gen. Graham's Headquarters. We went up the James River to Bermuda Hundreds. It being night when we reached that place, we encamped for the night, and the next morning marched the rest of the way, which was probably about five miles. On reaching Gen. Graham's Headquarters, I turned the men over; and after resting a short time, returned with my detail. To and from Bermuda Hundreds, we went by steamer, and it was a pleasant trip for us, especially the return, when we had no care upon us. I might say here, that it was before the surrender of Gen. Lee that I was out with Col. Walsh, although I did not get the within letter from him till after, and that a great part of my duty was building redoubts or bridges; and it was for the latter

purpose that I had a detail out in a woods felling timber when I was sent for by my Captain to come in with my detail and fire a salute. At first we could hardly believe the messenger who came out to us, saying that Lee had surrendered (April 9, 1865); but when he had convinced us, I assure you it was with light hearts that we returned. On reaching our fort, it was but a moment's work for me to get my three 20-pounder steel pieces ready, and with my Captain standing, with his watch in his hand, I gave the command, "No. 1, Ready!" and by a signal from him, "Fire!" "Load, No. 2, Ready!" and so continued till the National Salute was fired. Ah! who can imagine with what pride we fired that salute! Great were the hardships we had endured to accomplish it, but still it was accomplished, though many of us were sadly feeling the effects of what we had endured. Why I was chosen to fire the salute I hardly know, for there were other sergeants in the battery fully as competent as I; but the honor conferred upon me at that time is still fresh in my memory and among my proudest thoughts of my war reminiscences.

Shortly after the surrender of Gen. Lee, we were sent to Norfolk, Va., and there performed police duty, my Captain being chief of police most of the time, and I, all of the time while there, was in the old jail on Main street. The city being divided in three districts, all prisoners were sent to me. I had a lieutenant over me, but he would only call once a day, and then only for a short time; so about all of the duty was involved upon me. Our men did duty the same as all police do, they having their regular "beats" or patrol. Our company's quarters were near our regimental headquarters, which were on Freemason street, a very pleasant locality.

After doing police duty for about two months, we

were consolidated into the 6th New York Heavy Artillery, and taken just outside of Washington, D. C., my battery going into Fort Reno. We were not here long when a lieutenant and sergeant from one of our batteries, and myself from my battery, were placed on detached service and sent to Fort Sumner, to superintend the rebuilding of the fort, which was near the Potomac River. We had not been long on duty before the lieutenant and sergeant were both taken sick, and were obliged to leave. This left me alone; but my task was light; all I had to do was to run lines showing the height and angles of the work, and give instructions to the officer in charge of details. At about ten o'clock, a.m., each day, I would generally be all through with my work, this being the first time that I was ever on detached service, or even away from my company, with the exception of being with some expedition. Fortunately, I never lost a day's duty through sickness or any other cause, after my three months' service.

On the 23rd day of August, 1865, we were mustered out of the service, while at Washington, D. C., but we did not reach our homes till the first part of September, 1865,

Having served from the first of night,
Which tried our nation's will and might,
And through its darkest midnight hours,
Till that bright morn when all was ours;

And now returned

To home and all to me so dear,
Proud and thankful of my career,
Yet sad to see what war had wrought
Among my friends who with me fought.

Here I might add that I was mustered in as Second Sergeant of Battery B, 13th Heavy Artillery, and remained and was discharged as such.

The following are the names of those who enlisted from "CANARSIE," with the exception of eight who enlisted from another part of our town (Flatlands), and I am proud to say that I doubt whether the same number from any other part of our Union served with greater credit; and, I will add, the number fully equalled the voting population of our village (Canarsie) at the outbreak of the Rebellion (1861):

ROLL OF HONOR.

Abrahams, Lawrence, 87th N. Y., served also in the Regular Army.

Abrams, Maurice, 16th N. Y. Heavy Artillery, died at Point of Rocks, Va.

Anderson, William, 20th N. Y., colored.

Anderson, Cornelius, 20th N. Y., colored.

Bennett, David, 90th N. Y.

Bennett, Benjamin, 127th N. Y.

Bogart, Charles W., 127th N. Y.

Bogart, John H., 1st L. I., received three wounds at the battle of Fair Oaks, Va.

Bogart, Janeway V., 127th N. Y.

Bogart, John G., Navy, served on the "J. Hagar."

Baldwin, George A., 127th N. Y.

Baldwin, Nathaniel E., 127th N. Y., wounded near Beaufort, N. C.

Bush, Peter, 56th N. Y.

Banks, James H., 127th N. Y.

Baisley, David, 56th N. Y.

Beadle, Anthony P., a Captain in the 28th Brooklyn Militia.

Biggs, William, 13th Brooklyn Militia. Leg broken by accident at Baltimore, Md.

Biggs, John, 90th N. Y.

Biggs, David, 127th N. Y.

Berry, Jonathan G., 5th N. Y.

Berry, William, 132d N. Y.

Cooper, James T., 90th N. Y.

Croley, Christopher, Navy, served on the "Lafayette."

Coleman, Ferdinand F., Navy, served on the "Mound City."

Coleman, James M.

Coleman, Silas B., Navy, served on the "Tyler."

Conk, John H., 127th N. Y.

Denton, Daniel, 127th N. Y.

Durland, William H., Scotch 900, died from disability.

De Groot, George G., 127th N. Y., died from wound received at Devoe's Neck, S. C.

Davis, Henry W., 90th N. Y., died from disability, at Hilton Head, S. C.

Denham, Hamilton W., 56th N. Y.

Duly, Daniel, 158th N. Y.

Duly, Nicholas, 127th N. Y., drummer.

Dougherty, Thomas, 87th N. Y.

Davis, John, 5th N. Y. Heavy Artillery.

Evans, George.

Evans, John D.

Evans, Charles W., 1st L. I.

Ford, Andrew J., 127th N. Y.

Ford, John, 17th N. Y.

Ford, Nicholas, 1st L. I., killed at Fair Oaks, Va. The letter S, which members of Ford Post added, is incorrect.

Ford, William S., 56th N. Y.

Ferguson, Henry, 26th N. Y., colored.

Ferguson, John, 20th N. Y., colored.

Ferguson, Cornelius, 26th N. Y., colored.

Fisher, Alex. J., 127th N. Y.

Fisher, Edward S., 87th and 40th N. Y., died from wound received at the Wilderness, Va.

Furman, James, 127th N. Y., died from disability.

Gallagher, John, 90th N. Y., wounded at Port Hudson, La.

- Gallagher, James E., 48th N. Y.
Godfrey, Thomas, 90th N. Y.
Gosline, Alfred, 87th N. Y., died from wound received at Fair Oaks, Va.
Gosline, Alfred C., 173rd N. Y.
Gosline, Henry, 173rd N. Y.
Genude, Patrick, 51st N. Y.
- Holmes, Cornelius, 26th N. Y., colored.
Holmes, Daniel, 20th N. Y., colored.
Holmes, Emanuel, 26th N. Y., colored, wounded.
- Jones, Owen L., 84th N. Y.
Jepson, Charles A., 127th N. Y.
Johnson, Anthony, 26th N. Y. colored.
Johnson, Edward, 26th N. Y., colored.
Johnson, George, Navy, served on the "Tallapoosa."
Johnson, William, 127th N. Y.
Johnson, Richard, 90th N. Y., wounded at Port Hudson, La.
Johnson, Isaac, 127th N. Y.
Johnson, Cumney, 26th N. Y., colored.
- Kanaught, Patrick, 127th N. Y.
Kowenhoven, Garrett.
- Lott, John B., 56th N. Y.
Lumberyea, Philip, 13th Regiment and 90th N. Y.
- Morrison, Benjamin B., 127th N. Y.
Morrison, William H., 90th N. Y., wounded at Port Hudson, La.
Morrison, John A., served in the Regular Army.
Mack, John, 90th N. Y.
Mathews, Joseph, 1st Berdan's Sharpshooters and 119th N. Y. Regiments.
Mathews, Jacob, 90th and 127th N. Y.
Mathews, William, 127th N. Y., wounded at Devoe's Neck, S. C.

- Mathews, Abraham S., 90th N. Y.
Marsh, George G., 127th N. Y., Fife Major.
Marsh, Isaac N., 127th N. Y., died from disability.
Morrell, Joseph G., 28th Brooklyn, served in other regiments.
Morrell, David S., served in the Regular Army.
Murphy, William, 127th N. Y., wounded accidentally.
McCrodden, Matthew, 48th N. Y.
Monroe, John H., 127th N. Y.
Miller, John, 90th N. Y.

Nolan, John H., 90th N. Y., wounded at Port Hudson, La.
Nolan, James, 87th and 40th N. Y.
Newberry, William H., 127th N. Y.
Norton, John, 7th N. H.

O'Neill, Thomas, 13th Brooklyn, and First Lieutenant in the 16th Virginia (Union); wounded at Malvern Hill, Va., afterwards missing.

Phillips, Charles, 47th N. Y.
Potter, William, 20th N. Y., colored.
Powell, Thomas, 20th N. Y., colored.

Redgate, William, 139th N. Y.
Raemer, John H., 8th Minn.
Ryder, Richard H., 13th Brooklyn, 87th and 40th N. Y. Infantry; 13th and 6th N. Y. Heavy Artillery.

Smith, George H., 20th N. Y., colored.
Smith, Samuel, 20th N. Y., colored, died from disability.
Skidmore, William H., 127th N. Y.
Sharrot, Andrew J., 90th N. Y.
Schenck, Stephen R., 13th Brooklyn.
Schenck, Nicholas R., 13th Brooklyn, First Lieutenant, and afterwards First Lieutenant in the Navy.
Storer, Hezekiah M., 87th N. Y.

Smalley, Albert, 90th N. Y.
Skidmore, Abraham W., 56th N. Y.
Smart, William.

- Stancliff, Henry, 119th N. Y.
 Serene, James, 127th N. Y., drummer.
 Stillwell, George, 14th Brooklyn.
 Schmeelk, Peter, 127th N. Y.

 Van Houten, Rulif, 90th N.Y., killed at Port Hudson, La.
 Van Houten, George W., 127th N. Y.
 Van Houten, Philip, 127th N. Y.
 Van Houten, John, 87th N. Y.
 Van Houten, John, 127th N. Y.
 Van Houten, Ralph, 90th N. Y.
 Van Houten, William B., 91st Penn.
 Van Houten, John H., 119th N. Y.
 Voris, Abraham, 48th N. Y.
 Ver Plank, Cornelius, 87th N. Y.; served in other
 regiments.
 Varian, George, 127th N. Y.

 Warren, Edward, 127th N. Y.
 Wilson, James, 127th N. Y.
 Wilson, John, 17th N. Y., afterwards in Regular Army.
 Whittaker, James, 127th N. Y.
 Willett, William, 12th N. Y.
 Warren, John, Navy, served on the "Clyde."

 Youngs, William H., 127th N. Y.

N. B.—The Town of Flatlands is composed mostly of farmers, with the exception of the Village of Canarsie; and in looking over the farmers, there were but a few that could be expected to battle for their country. Therefore, the few, about eight, who did enlist, are almost as many as could be expected; but the Village of Canarsie, I think, surpassed any in our Union; its enlistment fully or more than equalled its voting population, and their rate of service was nearly or about three years. I will here make the following statement: Ford was buried on the field where he

was killed; also Van Houten; Gosline, buried at Portsmouth, Va.; Marsh at Washington, D. C.; Fisher at Arlington Cemetery, Va.; Abrams at Point of Rocks, Va.; De Groot's remains were brought home; Davis was buried at Hiltonhead, S. C.; Smith died in South Carolina, and was buried there.

If there is anyone more than another deserving of credit for his sympathy and liberality towards the soldiers of our town, it was our town's Supervisor, John L. Ryder.

LIST OF BATTLES, Etc., FOR THE UNION.

Battles marked thus * show that some one or more of my town participated therein.

1861.

1. April 12—Fort Sumter, in Charleston Harbor, fired upon by the Confederate General P. G. T. Beauregard, who was in command of the Confederate forces there.

2. April 14—Fort Sumter evacuated by Major Robert Anderson, who commanded Federal forces.

3. April 15—President Abraham Lincoln called for 75,000 men. The State Militia responded immediately (three months' troops).

4. April 18—The burning and evacuation of Harper's Ferry, Va., by Lieutenant Jones (Federal).

5. April 19—6th Mass. Regiment fired upon by a mob in Baltimore, Md., while on their way to Washington, D. C., and lost, I believe, three killed and five wounded, but they were not prevented from continuing their journey.

6. April 20—About 600 Massachusetts troops were sent to Norfolk, Va., where they destroyed, at Gosport Navy Yard, a large quantity of government property, and then returned to Fortress Monroe, from whence they had been sent.

7. April 26—Governor Hicks was about to hold a special meeting of the State Legislature at Annapolis,

Md., but as General Benjamin F. Butler threatened to arrest the whole body should they pass an ordinance of secession the meeting was held in Frederick, Md.

8. May 3—President Abraham Lincoln called for 42,000 three years' men; also ordered that the Regular Army be increased 22,000, and the Navy 18,000.

9. May 10—Governor Proctor of Arkansas made an attack on the Federal Regulars at St. Louis, and was defeated, with a loss of about twenty men.

10. May 14—England issued a proclamation of neutrality between the States in the United States of America.

11. May 24—Colonel Ephraim Elmore Ellsworth, after taking down a rebel flag from the flagstaff of the Marshall house, in Alexandria, Va., was shot and killed, while descending the stairs, by the proprietor, James T. Jackson, who in turn was immediately shot and killed by one of Ellsworth's men (Brownell).

12. May 26—General George B. McClellan, with his headquarters at Cincinnati, issued a proclamation calling upon all good and patriotic citizens to aid the Federal Government.

13. June 1—A company of cavalry lost two men at Fairfax Court House, Va.

14. June 3—Battle of Phillipi, Va. Federals lost but four, Confederates about one hundred.

15. June 10—Battle of Big and Little Bethel, Va. A sad defeat of the Federals, with a loss of about fifty men and two good officers, viz.: Major Theodore Winthrop and Lieutenant John T. Greble, a young officer of the 2nd U. S. Artillery, and was the first of the Regular Army to fall.

16. June 17—A Union Regiment met the enemy in ambush at Vienna, Va., and were defeated with a loss of about twenty men.

17. June 17—Battle of Boonville, Mo. Federals victorious, with but little loss; General Nathaniel Lyon commanding Department of Missouri.

18. June 18—Captain Cook (Federal) was surprised at Camp Cole, Mo., and routed with somewhat of a loss.

19. July 4—Battle of Carthage, Mo., Colonel Franz

Zigell (afterward General) commanding Federal troops, lost but few; Confederates lost about four hundred.

20. July 10.—Battle of Monroe, Mo. Federals lost six, Confederates about one hundred.

21. July 10.—Battle of Scarytown, Va. Confederates victorious; loss slight on both sides.

22. July 12.—Battle of Rich Mountain, Va. A decided victory for the Federals, and after the battle Colonel Pegram surrendered to General McClellan, with about six hundred and fifty men.

23. July 13.—Battle of Garrick Ford, Va. Here the Confederate General Garnett was killed; the Federals gained a great victory, with little loss.

24. July 14.—General McClellan, being in command of the Western Virginia battles, and having been so decidedly victorious, said: "I sincerely believe the war is now over in this part of our Union."

*25. July 21.—First battle of Bull Run, Va. A sad defeat to the Federals, who lost in all about 2,700 men; enemies' loss about 1,600 men.

26. July 22.—General McClellan given command of Federal forces, and then organized and commanded the Army of the Potomac.

27. July 23.—The Confederates destroyed about three-fourths of a million dollars worth of property belonging to the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad.

28. August 2.—Dry Spring, Mo. The Confederates completely routed, with a loss of about 150 men; Federal loss ten men.

29. August 5.—Athens, Mo. Federal loss, twenty-five men; Confederate loss, one hundred men.

30. August 10.—Battle of Wilson's Creek, Mo. Gen. Lyon killed. This battle was fought with great determination by Generals Lyon and Siegel, but after General Lyon was killed General Siegel was obliged to fall back. Federal loss in all about 1,300; Confederates about 3,000.

31. August 14.—Marshal law proclaimed by General Fremont (Federal) in St. Louis.

32. August 30.—General Fremont, in a proclamation,

among other things, declared the slaves of disloyal citizens of the State of Missouri free.

33. September 1—About this time the Confederates added to their ranks about 3,000 Indians, but they proved of little use.

34. September 11—President Lincoln had the proclamation of General Fremont (August 30) in reference to the slaves so changed as to leave the question with the Courts or future legislatures.

*35. October 21—Balls Bluff, Va., on the Potomac River. Among the noble dead was Colonel E. D. Baker (Federal). This battle was a sad defeat to the Federals, of which many were drowned while trying to swim the river or cross otherwise to Harrison's Island (an island in the Potomac). Federal loss, about one thousand in all; Confederates about three hundred in all.

36. October 21—Battle of Camp Wildeat, Ky. Federal troops victorious.

37. October 21—Battle of Frederickton, Mo. Federal troops victorious.

38. October, 25—Battle of Springfield, Mo. Federal troops victorious.

39. October 26—Battle of Romney, Va. Federal troops victorious.

40. December 3—General J. W. Phelps reached and took command of Ship Island, in the Mississippi Sound, and immediately issued a proclamation. Among its contents was: That every slave State that had been admitted in the Union since the adoption of the Constitution was in disobedience to that instrument; therefore slavery was unlawful.

41. December 13—Battle of Camp Alleghaney, W. Va. Federals driven; loss light.

42. December 17—Battle of Munfordsville, Ky. Among the killed was Lieutenant Sochs (Federal) and Colonel Terry (Confederate), otherwise loss light.

43. December 20—Federals sunk a number of old war vessels in Charleston Harbor, S. C.

44. December 20—Battle of Drainsville, Va. Federal

loss about seventy-five men; that of the Confederates about three hundred.

45. December 28—Battle of Mount Zion. Union victory; loss light.

1862.

46. January 1—Bombardment of Fort Pickens, Fla., by Federals, but accomplished nothing.

47. January 7—General James A. Garfield routed the Confederates from Pointsville, Ky., loss light. General Garfield afterwards President of the United States.

48. January 8—Battle of Silver Creek, Mo., Major W. M. G. Torrence commanding Federal troops, which were victorious; loss light.

49. January 10—Battle of Middle Creek, Ky. Gen. Garfield (Federal) victorious.

50. January 19—Battle of Mill Spring, Ky., General Thomas (Federal) commanding. Confederates routed with a loss of about four hundred; Federal loss very light.

51. February 6—Fort Henry, on the Tennessee River, captured, mainly by Federal Navy forces.

*52. February 8—Capture of Roanoke Island, N. C., by General Burnside's (Federal) expedition.

53. February 13 to 16—Capture of Fort Donelson, situated on the Cumberland River, by Commodore Foote (Federal).

54. February 14—Battle of Blooming Gap, Va. A victory for the Union, but saddened by the death of the poet Fitz James O'Brien (Federal), killed in the battle.

55. February 21—Battle of Valivende, New Mexico. Loss about two hundred each; Captain McRae (Federal) killed.

56. February 25—Nashville, Tenn., occupied by Federals, the Confederates having evacuated.

57. March 3—Columbus, Ky., occupied by Federal troops without opposition.

58. March 6 to 8—Battle of Pea Ridge, Ark. Union troops victorious, but their loss was about 1,370 men;

Confederate's loss about 2,000, and among their killed were Generals McIntosh and McCulloch.

59. March 9—Battle in Hampton Roads between the Confederate ironclad ram Merrimac and the Union "Monitor," the Monitor being victorious, John S. Warden commanding her. This was a great victory for the Union, and it was only by the timely arrival of the Monitor that the Union was saved from great loss, the Merrimac having destroyed two of our best vessels the day before, with many brave lives, and we (Federals) had nothing to check her destructive power till the Monitor came.

60. March 12—Jacksonville, Fla., occupied by Federal troops without opposition.

*61. March 14—Battle of Newbern, N. C. Union troops victorious; still their loss was the greatest.

62. March 14—Capture of New Madrid, Mo., with little loss to Federals. The Confederates evacuated at midnight, during a heavy thunder storm, with considerable loss.

63. March 22, 23—Battle of Winchester, Va. The Confederates routed, with a loss of about six hundred killed and wounded and three hundred prisoners; Union loss about five hundred in all. General Shields being absent, sick, General Tyler commanded Federal troops.

64. March 28—Battle of Apache Canon, New Mexico. Union troops victorious.

65. April 6, 7—Battle of Pittsburg Landing, Tenn. The Confederates eventually driven, but the Federal loss was heavy, being in all about 11,360; that of the Confederates about 13,519. Among the Union killed was General Wallace.

66. April 8—Capture of Island No. 10, with considerable property and many prisoners, which were surrendered to Commodore Foote, who commanded Federal forces.

67. April 11—Capture of Fort Pulaski, Ga., by the Federals, who took many prisoners; loss on both sides otherwise light.

68. April 16—Battle of Lee's Mills, Va. This battle was to ascertain the Confederates' strength, and to

prevent them from building any more earthworks. The object was accomplished, although the Union troops lost quite heavily in doing so; Confederate loss also heavy.

*69. April 18 to 26—Capture of New Orleans, Commodore D. G. Farragut commanding Federals. This was one of the greatest naval battles ever recorded. The details are lengthy and full of science and heroism. The city was not reached and occupied till April 29, when General Butler took command in the City and declared marshal law.

70. April 29—Battle of South Mills, S. C., General Reno commanding Federal troops. Confederates routed; loss light.

71. April 26—Capture of Fort Macon, N. C., by Federals. There was great cheering when the Confederate flag was hauled down and the stars and stripes hoisted by the Union boys. Loss light, with the exception of the Confederates, from whom the Federals took many prisoners.

72. May 3—Evacuation of Yorktown, Va., by the Confederate General Magruder. General McClellan had so far completed his fortifications of attack that he (Magruder) was fearful of its consequences.

*73. May 5—Battle of Williamsburg, Va., a Union victory. Loss in killed and wounded about equal, being in all about 5,600. Federals took a number of prisoners. Under cover of the night the Confederates fell back.

74. May 7—Battle of West Point, Va. Confederates routed after some sharp fighting,

75. May 9—Pensacola, Fla., evacuated by the Confederates and occupied by General Arnold (Federal).

76. May 10—Norfolk, Va., occupied by Federals, with but little opposition.

77. May 11—The ironclad Virginia (Merrimac) blown up and destroyed by the Confederates at Craney Island, Va., they fearing she would fall into the hands of the Federals. Thus ended the destroyer of our ship Cumberland (March 8, 1862) and many of her brave crew.

*78. May 15—Drury's Bluff, Va. This battle was on

the James River, and between our gunboats and the Confederate land batteries. The river was so obstructed that our gunboats could not properly work, so they were obliged to withdraw with somewhat of a loss.

79. May 23—Raid of Thomas Jonathan Jackson (Stonewall Jackson); the prefix "Stonewall" gained while at Bull Run, July 21, 1861. While standing on a hill where shot and shell were the thickest, some of his officers said: "Look, there stands Jackson like a stone wall," and it was believed that by Jackson's skill the battle was gained. This raid frustrated the plans of President Lincoln so that General McDowell, who was well up and on the north side of the York River, Va., was unable to assist McClellan.

*80. May 28—Battle of Hanover Court House, Va. A Union victory, and proved the ability of that grand old Army of the Potomac.

81. May 31—Occupation of Corinth by Union troops after a number of battles, which were attended with more or less loss of life and property on both sides.

*82. May 31—Battle of Fair Oaks, Va. The Confederates made the attack, and had greatly the advantage; but were finally repulsed and driven back beyond the attacking point, which was about six and a half miles from Richmond, Va. Federal loss, in all, about 5,130; Confederate loss, in all, about 7,990.

83. June 4 to 6—The occupation of, and hoisting of the stars and stripes in, the City of Memphis, Tenn. Here our naval forces gained a great victory over those of the Confederates, which took place the day before the occupation of the city.

84. June 8—Battle of Cross Keys, Va. The enemy routed; and it was only by the great skill of their commander, "Stonewall" Jackson, that any of them made their escape. Loss light on both sides.

*85. June 25—Commencement of the seven days' battle, from in front of Richmond, Va., to Harrison's Landing, Va., Oak Grove, Gains Mill, Allen Farm, Savage Station, Nelson Farm and Malvern Hill, are all included. Federal loss: killed, 1,580; wounded, 7,111; missing, 5,958; total, 15,241. Confederates killed, 2,820;

wounded, 14,018; missing, 750; total, 14,768 (mortality from good authority).

86. July 23—General Halleck assumed command of all the Federal forces, with his headquarters at Washington, D. C.

87. August 4, 5—Battle of Baton Rouge, La. The Confederates made the attack, and their commander, General Williams, with many others, were killed. The Federals repulsed them, with little loss; but on August 16, by order of Gen. Butler, they evacuated the city.

*88. August 7—Battle of Cedar Mountain, Va. Union troops suffered defeat and great loss, General Pope commanding Federal troops.

89. August 14—By order of General Halleck, the Army of the Potomac left Harrison's Landing and fell back to the defences of Washington, after participating in the battle of Bull Run (second Bull Run).

*90. August 29 to Sept. 1—Second battle of Bull Run and Chantilly, Va. General Pope, commanding Federal troops, was obliged to fall back to the defences of Arlington Heights, Va. August 30 was properly Bull Run battle; September 1, Chantilly. Still, from August 29th was commonly called second battle of Bull Run. Federals' total loss was about 7,800, and among its brave dead was General Phillip Kearney, killed at Chantilly, September 1st. Confederate loss much less than that of the Federals.

91. August 30—Battle of Richmond, Ky. Union troops fell back, with little loss.

92. September 1—General McClellan placed in command of the defences of Washington, D. C.

93. September 6—Confederates surprised the garrison at Washington, N. C., but were repulsed and driven back.

94. September 14—Battle of Munfordsville, Ky. Union troops fought bravely, but were obliged to fall back, and on the 16th surrendered to the Confederates about 4,000 in all.

*95. September 14—Battle of South Mountain, Md., General McClellan commanding, General Pope having been relieved on September 7. The Confederates

were steadily driven. The Federals lost about 1,500 men, and among their killed was General Reno. The Confederates lost about 3,000, many of which were prisoners; among their killed was General Garland.

96. September 15—Harpers Ferry, Va., surrendered to the Confederates, with about 11,500 men, by Col. D. T. Miles, who was killed just as he raised the white flag in token of his surrender.

*97. September 17—Battle of Antietam, Md. From South Mountain (Sept. 14) the battle was almost continuous, but here at Antietam was its greatest struggle, and ended in a decided victory for the Union arms, Generals McClellan and Lee the army commanders. Lee, with his (Confederate) army, was completely routed, with a loss of about, in all, 25,890; Federal loss, in all, about 12,460. Among the Federals' dead was General J. K. F. Mansfield, U. S. Army.

98. September 19—Battle of Iuka, Miss., William S. Rosecrans commanding Federal troops, General Price the Confederate troops. Each lost about 700 men. Price, during the night, retreated.

99. October 3—Battle of Corinth, Miss. General Rosecrans gained a great victory; his (Federal) loss, in all, about 2,350; Confederates, in all about 14,220. General P. A. Hackleman, U. S. Army, was killed.

100. October 8—Battle of Perryville, Ky. General Buell, commanding Union troops, met with defeat; General Rosecrans then superseded him.

101. October 10—Confederate General Stuart's raid into Maryland and Pennsylvania, and after doing considerable damage to property, made good his escape on the 12th.

102. October 22—Battle of Pacatalico Bridge, S. C. Union troops failed in their attempt to destroy certain bridges, &c., and were obliged to fall back. Loss light.

103. October 26—General McClellan advanced his Army (of the Potomac) in Virginia, by order of President Lincoln.

104. November 7—While at Warrenton, Va., General McClellan was relieved and General Burnside took command of the Army of the Potomac three days later (the 10th).

105. November 15—Army of the Potomac leaving Warrenton, Va., General Burnside in command.

106. November 17—A portion of the Army of the Potomac reached Falmouth, Va., near Fredericksburg, Va., the remainder of the army soon coming up.

*107. December 13—Battle of Fredericksburg, Va. A sad defeat to the Union army. Federal loss in all about 12,300; Confederate loss about 5,200. General Burnside was obliged to return to the opposite side of the Rappahannock River.

108. December 31—Battle of Murfreesboro, Tenn. A victory for the Federals at the end, but Gen. Bragg, commanding the Confederate troops, came near destroying the whole of General Rosecrans' army at first. Federal loss, in all, about 14,000; that of the Confederates about 11,000.

1863.

109. Jan. 4—The campaign that had been planned and attempted against Vicksburg proved a failure, and was abandoned by the Federals.

110. January 10—Capture of Fort Hindman, Ark., which is situated on the Arkansas River, and which was a great loss to the Confederates.

111. January 26—General Burnside again attempted to give battle at and near Fredericksburg, Va., but through heavy rains was, before crossing the Rappahannock River, obliged to abandon his project.

112. February 3—Battle of Fort Donelson, Tenn. The Confederates twice demanded the surrender of the fort; but Colonel A. C. Harding, although having but a few men, refused to comply with the demand. The gunboats coming to his (Harding's) rescue, the Confederates retreated.

113. March 5—Battle near Franklin, Tenn. Union troops defeated, with a loss of about five hundred men; Confederate loss light.

114. March 10—Near Covington, Tenn. Col. Grierson routed Col. Richardson and his Confederate band.

115. April 13—Battle of Irish Bend, La. The fighting was hard, but ended in a Union victory.

116. May 1—General Stoneman's Cavalry raid starting from Fredericksburg, Va., and taking a circuit of two hundred miles, destroying a large amount of property, they went very close to the City of Richmond, Va., but were finally obliged to return, a portion of the expedition was obliged to go down the peninsula way.

*117. May 1 to 5—Battle of Chancellorsville, Va., and Frederickburg, Va., General Hooker commanding the Army of the Potomac, General Burnside having resigned. The Union army was defeated and obliged to return again back across the Rappahannock River. Federal loss at Chancellorsville, in all about 16,020 men; Confederate loss, in all about 12,280. Generals H. G. Berry and A. M. Whipple, U. S. Army, were among the killed; Confederate General "Stonewall" Jackson received wounds from which he died in a few days.

118. Ended May 2—Colonel B. H. Grierson's cavalry raid in Mississippi, of about six hundred miles through the enemy's country, and after destroying a large amount of Confederate property, went to Baton Rouge, La., May 2, having had an exciting raid for sixteen days, leaving La Grange, Tenn., April 17.

119. May 3—Capture of Grand Gulf, Miss., by Federal naval fleet. A great victory for the Union.

*120. May 3—Siege of Suffolk, Va., by Confederate General Longstreet. After loosing many men he fell back, and left the Union troops still in possession.

121. May 6—Admiral Porter took command of Alexandria, and General Banks established his headquarters there. This city is situated on the Red River. On reaching this point the two forces accomplished much for the Union.

122. May 12—Battle at Raymond, Miss. The Confederates routed, with a loss of about five hundred men; Federal loss about three hundred men.

123. May 14—Capture of Jackson, Miss., by Federal troops; the city was, however, immediately evacuated. There was but little opposition to the capture, and our troops did not care to hold it.

124. May 16—Battle of Baker's Creek, Miss. This battle was severe, but the Confederates were finally

routed with a loss of about 5,600 men. It was here that General Lloyd Tilghman, an aged officer in the Confederate service, was killed while sighting a gun by a shell from one of the Union guns. Federal loss about 3,000.

125. May 17—Battle of Big Black Bridge, Miss. The battle was short, and the Confederates were routed; loss light.

126. May 18—Capture of Hains Bluff, Miss., by D. D. Porter's fleet. This was a strong position, but was easily taken, as General Grant was getting near with his land forces.

127. May 22—Germ Swamp. Here the Confederates were beaten, but the Federals met with a sad loss in the death of Colonel Jones.

*128. May 27—Attack upon Port Hudson, La., by the Federals, but they were unsuccessful.

129. June 14—General Hooker, finding that General Lee (Confederate) was moving his army, started to intercept him, and, by forced marches, was soon back to the Potomac, where he had hoped to have prevented the Confederates from getting into Maryland, but was too late.

*130. June 14—Battle at Winchester, Va., a sad defeat to the Federals.

131. June 14—Battle and evacuation of Martinsburg, Va. General Tyler, after repulsing the Confederates, seeing that he could not hold out, retreated across the Potomac.

*132. June 14—Union troops again unsuccessful in an attack upon Port Hudson, La.

133. July 1—Battle of Carlisle, Penn. Fitz Hugh Lee (son of the commanding General, Robert E. Lee) commanding, was unable to drive General Smith (Federal) from his position. General Lee then fell back; loss light.

*134. July 1 to 3—Battle of Gettysburg, Penn. This was a hard fought battle, General Mead commanding Federal troops, General Hooker having been relieved. Federal loss, in all, about 23,180; Confederate loss, in all, about 31,020. Generals John F. Reynolds, S. H.

Wood, Rook and E. F. Farnsworth, U. S. Army, were killed, and Generals Hancock, Sickles, Barlow, Graham and Warren were wounded. The Confederates were finally routed and driven into Virginia.

135. July 3—Siege of Charleston, S. C., commenced. Admiral Foote dying (disability), Admiral Dahlgren took command of the Federal fleet July 6

*136. July 4—Vicksburg, Miss., surrendered to Gen. Grant (Federal), after a hard-fought battle. Federal loss, in all, about 4,530; Confederates' loss (many surrendering), in all, 31,270. About this time Commodore Porter (Federal) destroyed a large amount of Confederate property on the Yazoo River.

137. July 4—Battle of Helena, Ark. Here the Confederates fought like demons, but were defeated and routed, with considerable loss.

138. July 9—Port Hudson, La., surrendered by Gen. Andrews (Confederate) to General Banks (Federal). A large number of Confederates were surrendered with the garrison.

*139. July 13—Great riot in New York City, caused by the drafting of men for the Union Army. There was a large amount of property destroyed and a number of lives lost, but the rioters were subdued after a few days.

140. July 26—General John Morgan (Confederate), after breaking jail and making his escape from Ohio, and after raiding through Indiana, Kentucky and Ohio, was, with a number of his men, shot and killed while at Greenville, East Tennessee.

*141. September 19 to 23—Battle of Chickamauga, Ga., a hard-fought battle. Gen. Thomas was obliged to fall back with his (Federal) forces. Union loss, in all, 15,850; Confederate loss, 17,800. General W. H. Lytle, U. S. Army, killed.

*142. November 24—Battle of Lookout Mountain, Tenn. Federals victorious; their loss, in all, about six thousand; Confederates' loss, in all, about ten thousand. Hooker (Federal) and Bragg (Confederate) commanding Generals.

143. November 25—Battle of Mission Ridge, Tenn. Not much of a Union victory, but gave General Grant great advantages.

144. November 28—Battle of Ringgold, Ga. Here both lost heavily; the Confederates were finally driven.

145. December 6—General Longstreet (Confederate) abandoned the siege of Knoxville, Tenn., after an unsuccessful attempt to carry the works, with considerable loss. Federal loss light.

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146. January 22—Capture of Fort Fisher and Wilmington, N. C., by Porter, commanding Federal naval forces, and Terry commanding the land forces. It was a hard-fought battle, with considerable loss, but ended in a Union victory.

147. February 20—Battle of Olustee, Fla. General Truman Seymour defeated by Confederate General Finnegan, who was in ambush. Federal loss about 1,500; Confederates, about 700. Seymour then fell back to Jacksonville.

148. February 22—Tunnel Hill, Ga., captured and the Confederates routed. Loss light.

149. February 25—Rockyface Ridge, Ga. Union troops, finding the force too great, fell back. Loss light.

150. March 5—General Kilpatrick's daring raid, ending March 5, through Virginia, was somewhat successful, but among its loss in killed was Col. Dahlgren.

151. March 13—Gen. U. S. Grant made Commander-in-Chief of the Federal forces, and made his headquarters with the Army of the Potomac in Virginia.

152. March 25—Union City captured by the Confederates, Federals offering but little resistance.

153. March 26—Paducah, Ky. Here the Confederates made a desperate assault under command of General Forrest, who ordered Colonel Hicks to surrender the Fort "immediately," or he would show no quarter. Colonel Hicks, with but a small force to resist an attack, replied: "I will not surrender." Gen. A. P. Thompson (Confederate), while leading the charge against the fort, was killed. The Federal gun-

boats coming to Colonel Hicks' rescue, the Confederates fled, with considerable loss.

154. April 8—Battle of Sabine Crossroads, Miss. General Banks met with somewhat of a defeat. Loss light.

155. April 9—Battle of Pleasant Hill, La., a hard-contested battle, but ending in the defeat of the Confederates. Still, General Banks continued his retreat the next day, leaving his dead and wounded on the field.

156. April 12—Capture of Fort Pillow, Tenn. Confederate General Forrest demanded the surrender of the fort, and, on being refused, made such a determined charge that he carried everything before him; and it was said that Major Bradford (Federal) and many of his men were shot in cold blood; also, that the sick in the place were treated brutally by the Confederates.

157. April 19—Capture of Plymouth N. C., by the Confederates. The Federal loss was severe, both in naval armament and men.

*158. May 5 to 7—Battle of Wilderness, Va., Grant commanding the Federal Army, Lee the Confederates. This was a severe battle, and can be called a "draw." Federal loss: killed, 5,590; wounded, 21,470; missing, 10,670; total, 37,730. Confederates killed, 2,000; wounded, 6,005; missing, 3,395; total, 11,400. Generals James S. Wadsworth, A. Hays and A. S. Webb, U. S. Army, were killed.

*159. May 8 to 21—Battle of Spottsylvania, Va., Grant and Lee commanders. Again a "draw." Federal loss: killed, 4,176; wounded, 19,688; missing, 2,577; total, 26,441. Confederates killed, 1,000; wounded, 5,010; missing, 2,990; total, 9,000. Generals J. Sedgwick, J. C. Rice, J. J. Owens and T. G. Stevenson, U. S. Army, were killed.

160. May 8.—General Mead issued a praiseworthy address to his (Federal) command.

161. May 11—General Sheridan got in the rear of General Stuart (Confederate), at Yellow Tavern, Va.,

and gave battle. The Confederates lost heavily, and General Stuart soon died from a wound received here.

162. May 12—Battle of Fort Darling, Va. This battle, or series of battles, continued till May 16th, and ended by the Union troops falling back to Burmuda Hundreds; Gen. Butler commanding Federal troops.

163. May 13—Alexandria, on the Red River, evacuated by the Federals, and their fleet taken to the mouth of the Red River.

164. May 15—New Market, in the Shenandoah Valley, Va. General Sigel met with a sad defeat and much loss. He was immediately superseded. The Confederate loss light.

165. May 19—Capture of Rome, Ga., by Jefferson C. Davis (Federal), with considerable Confederate property.

*166. June 1—Battle of Cold Harbor (Cool Arbor), Va. General Lee appeared to divine General Grant's plans, and at every point met him with strong fortifications, which were greatly thinning Grant's ranks. This battle, like those of the Wilderness and Spottsylvania, was fought with great loss to the brave Union soldiers. General Grant's loss now was (during the last few battles) all of 60,000 men; but fortunately for the Union there were men enough in the North to replenish Grant's fast falling army, while the South had no reserve to draw from, which was also fortunate for us; but the enemy (Confederates), always acting on the defensive lost but few men, compared with that of the Federals. General Grant again withdrew and took another route.

167. June 5—Battle of Piedmont, Va., Gen. Hunter commanding. Sigel's old army gained a victory over the Confederates.

168. June 8—Siege of Petersburg, Va., commenced; Generals Grant and Lee army commanders.

169. June 14—Battle of Kenesaw Mountain, Ga. The Confederates, after being driven from one position to another by General Sherman, made a stand here. General Sherman, seeing a cluster of the Confederates standing together on a hill, ordered them to be fired upon. General Polk, being among them, was killed

instantly; the next day, without giving much of a fight, the Confederates fell back.

170. June 15—At this date, it has been said by some, the siege of Petersburg, Va., properly began, and did not end till its evacuation by the Confederates, April 3, 1865. Richmond, Va., was evacuated about the same time by the Confederates.

171. June 19—Sinking of the Confederate steamship *Alabama* by the U. S. sloop-of-war *Kearsarge*. The *Alabama* was in reality an English vessel, having been built and manned in England, with the exception of her commander and probably some of her other officers. Semmes, her commander, was a southerner, and had been one of our naval officers; but at the outbreak of the rebellion, or shortly after, took to destroying the Union merchant vessels. After doing a vast amount of damage, he was so hemmed in that he was obliged to leave his vessel in a harbor. The *Alabama* then was built, and he continued his work of destruction with greater success and energy. Finally he was obliged to give battle, which hitherto he had kept clear of. The *Alabama* was sunk, after a short battle, in the Harbor of Cherbourg, France. After she was sunk many of her crew, including her commander, were picked up by the private yacht *Deerhound*, which was owned and sailed by John Lancaster, an Englishman, and who took those that he picked up to Cowes, Captain Winslow, commander of the *Kearsarge*, thinking that the private yacht was only lending friendly aid, and not saving the "notorious Semmes" from punishment which he so justly deserved.

*172. June 22—Weldon Railroad, near Petersburg, Va. Union troops defeated, and obliged to fall back.

173. June 22 to 29—An expedition to destroy railroads, &c., in the vicinity of Petersburg, Va., was very successful until General Kouts met the Confederates, at Reams Station, where he supposed the Federals had possession; he was routed, with considerable loss, the enemy losing but few.

174. June 24—Battle of Little Kenesaw, Ga.. Gen. Sherman held his position; still, his loss was much greater than that of the Confederates.

*175. June 30—Petersburg mine explosion. This mine ran from the Federal line to a point under a principal fort of the Confederates, and was accomplished, with great secrecy, by General Burnside's men. There were used four tons of powder, which was placed in sections under the fort and lit by fuse. The mine accomplished, so far as blowing up the fort, all that was expected of it, but the Confederates, soon recovering from the consternation caused by the explosion, met a division of General Burnside's men and a division of colored troops, who charged to capture Cemetery Hill, which commanded the City of Petersburg, and defeated them with a loss of about 4,000 men. General Burnside, being somewhat blamed for not acting with more promptness after the explosion, was relieved by his own request, and General J. D. Parke was given his (Burnside's) corps (9th). It has been stated that about 400 men who garrisoned the Confederate fort were blown to atoms when the fort was blown up. Lieutenant-Colonel Pleasant, of the 48th Pennsylvania Regiment, did the engineering of the mine.

176. July 3—Kenesaw taken, having been evacuated by the Confederates, who suffered great loss on being pursued by General Sherman.

177. July 9—General Wallace met the Confederates on the Monocacy, Md., near the railroad crossing, and was defeated with a loss of about 2,000 men, but it checked the Confederates' onward march, which was fortunate for the Federals.

178. July 9 to 13—General Jubal Early (Confederate), following General Wallace through Maryland towards Baltimore, Md., destroyed a great deal of property and captured General Franklin, who was on a railroad train in citizen's dress, but he (Franklin) made his escape afterwards through the weariness of the Confederate soldiers. General Early turned his raid towards Washington, D. C., but by Federal troops being mustered was checked and driven back into Virginia.

179. July 20—Battle before Atlanta, Ga. Here the loss on both sides was severe, and General J. B. McPherson (Federal) was killed. This siege continued till late in August, when the Federals withdrew.

180. July 21—General Stoneman, while out on a cavalry expedition in Georgia, was met, overpowered, and taken prisoner with many of his (Federal) command. A part of General Stoneman's command cut their way through the Confederate line and made their escape.

181. August 5 to 23—Capture of Forts Morgan and Powell, a great Union victory, in Mobile Bay, David G. Farragut (Federal) commanding. It was here that the Confederate ram Tennessee was obliged to surrender; and when the white flag was hoisted, Captain Heywood, one of the rescued of the Cumberland, sunk March 9, '61, was sent on board the Tennessee to arrange the surrender, and among those to surrender was Admiral Buchanan, the commander of the Merrimac when she sunk the Cumberland in Hampton Roads, Va., March 9, '61. Buchanan had one of his legs broken when he surrendered.

182. August 18—Capture of Reams Station, Va., by Federal troops, but they lost about 300 men in doing so; Confederate loss light.

183. August 19—The Confederates made an attack on Reams Station, Va., with such a determined onslaught that at one time the Federals were obliged to fire with their batteries upon their own men, in order to save themselves. The Confederates were finally checked, and the Union troops remained in possession of the station, but the Union loss was greater than that of the Confederates.

184. August 21—General Early (Confederate) defeated General Sheridan, at Summit Point, Va.; loss light.

185. August 28—Battle of Reams Station, Va., fought with great determination. Union loss, about 1,200 men; Confederate loss much greater. The Confederates were finally obliged to fall back.

*186. September 2—General Sherman takes possession of Atlanta, Ga., after a series of hard-fought battles, the Confederates finally being obliged to evacuate after losing many men. This was a great victory for General Sherman and the Union.

187. September 19—Battle of Opequan Creek, Va. General Sheridan (Federal) routed General Early (Confederate) with great loss.

188. September 21—Fisher's Hill, Va. Sheridan routed Early (Confederate) with quite a loss.

189. September 28—Battle of Chapin's Bluff, Va. This was a bold undertaking to capture Richmond, Va., by the Federals, but they were obliged to fall back with considerable loss.

190. October 5—Battle of Allatoona, Ga. This was a short but destructive battle to the Confederates.

191. October 7—The Confederates made an attack upon General Grant's right flank, in front of Petersburg, Va., but were repulsed with considerable loss; General Gregg was among their (Confederate) killed.

192. October 9—Near Strasburg, Va., General Sheridan routed General Early (Confederate) with considerable loss.

193. October 16—Cedar Creek, Va. Confederate General Early made an attack upon General Sheridan's troops, but was checked and routed.

194. October 19—Battle of Cedar Creek, Va. Here at first the Confederates were victorious, and caused quite a loss to the Federals; but General Sheridan, who had been away from his command, arriving on the field, like magic turned the defeat into a victory, routing the Confederates with great loss. Federal loss, about 17,100; Confederates', about 23,000, about one-half of which were prisoners. To this place was Sheridan's great ride.

*195. October 27—Battle of Hatcher's Run, Va. The Confederates were simply driven inside of their works by the Federals.

196. November 13—Battle of Morristown, Tenn. General Gillem defeated by General Breckenridge (Confederate), with considerable loss.

*197. November 15—General Sherman begins his march from "Atlanta to the sea," after defeating and misleading the Confederate commanders.

*198. November 15 to 21—General Sherman's march from Atlanta, Ga., to Savannah, Ga. Capture of Fort McAlister, Ga., Dec. 14; capture of Savannah, Dec. 21. General Sherman's march was not attended with any great hard fighting, but his object was attained—that

of destroying railroads, &c., which disabled the Confederates' facilities for continuing the war. Too much credit cannot be given General Sherman and his noble army, who marched 300 miles in 27 days. Federal loss, 760 men.

199. November 30—Battle of Franklin, Tenn. The Confederates made the attack, but were repulsed with heavy loss.

200. December 12—General Stoneman's raid (having been exchanged) in Western Virginia. He took many prisoners and destroyed a large amount of Confederate property.

201. December 15—Battle of Nashville, Tenn. The Confederates made a hard fight, but were completely routed with heavy loss.

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*202. February 1 to March 23—General Sherman again on the march, leaving Savannah, Ga., February 1, and reaching Goldsboro, N. C., March 23. This march was attended with more or less fighting, but not to such an extent as to materially impede his steady onward march. On reaching Goldsboro, General Sherman formed a junction with Generals Schofield and Terry, who had arrived two days before from Wilmington. General Sherman had now about 90,000 men, and was in a position to prevent General Lee from retreating southward.

*203. February 5 to 7—Hatche's Run, Va., taken, but not till they had almost given the Federal troops a sad defeat. This was a very advantageous position for the Confederates, and they felt their loss sorely. Loss somewhat heavy on both sides.

204. February 27—General Sheridan routed General Early (Confederate) from Stanton, Va., and captured many of his command.

205. February 27 to March 19—General Sheridan's expedition through the Shenandoah Valley, Va., was very successful, and met with but little opposition from the Confederates.

206. March 4 to 12—General Newton's expedition (Federal) from Key West to St. Mark's, Fla., was very successful.

207. March 20 to April 13—General Stoneman's expedition (Federal) through North Carolina successful, meeting with but little opposition.

208. March 22 to April 20—General Wilson's expedition in Alabama successful. General Wilson, learning that Jefferson Davis, Confederate President, was trying to make his escape from the United States, sent troops in pursuit, and on May 11 captured him and his wife, also some of his colleagues, who were also trying to escape. Jefferson Davis was elected President of the Confederacy, February 8, 1861, and served as such until he was captured.

209. March 31—General Warren met with defeat and somewhat of a loss in trying to get possession of White Oak Road, Va. The Confederates were too strongly posted.

210. April 1 to 3—General Sheridan attacked the Confederates at Five Forks, Va., and routed them from a strong position, and kept them on the retreat from the 1st to the 3rd, when they at last were obliged to succumb to the stars and stripes, from which they had so unwittingly strayed.

*211. April 9—The surrender of Robert E. Lee and his Confederate Army to U. S. Grant. After the Confederates had fallen back from Petersburg, Va., they were closely followed by General Grant, who took many prisoners, and among them some of General Lee's best officers. General Grant, seeing that Lee could hold out but a short time, petitioned him to surrender. General Lee at first treated the petition with some indifference, but knowing that further resistance was only to sacrifice still more brave lives for nought, accepted General Grant's terms of surrender, which were that all officers give their own parole not to take up arms against the United States Government until properly exchanged; the men (rank and file) to be paroled by their officers, and under the same conditions, and all to go to their homes, and there remain undisturbed by the United States Government so long as they abided by their paroles and the laws of their States or Territories; their arms, &c., to be given up, there on the field, to the United States authorities. The surrender took place about 20 miles outside of

Petersburg, Va., General Lee's headquarters being near Amelia Courthouse, Va. I might say here that the remaining Confederate armies surrendered under the same conditions as did that of General Lee.

*212. April 12 to May 4—Capture of Mobile. The Confederates, knowing that further resistance and shedding of blood was useless, surrendered their fleet as well as Mobile, with but little resistance.

213. April 14—Assassination of Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, by the tragedian John Wilkes Booth, an American citizen, but a sympathizer with the Confederates, while at Ford's Theatre, in Washington, D. C., where "Our American Cousin" was to have been played by Miss Laura Keane and her company. Booth made his escape, by a fleet horse that he had in readiness outside the theatre, into Virginia, where he was overtaken, shot and killed by "Boston Corbet," who was one of a company of cavalry sent in pursuit. Booth had broken one of his legs while jumping from the theatre box, where he shot the President, to the stage, otherwise he probably would have made good his escape, and finally reached some foreign country where he never would have been detected. Thus ended the life of Abraham Lincoln, one of America's truest patriots, as I might say, just as the last clouds of a sad and hard-contested rebellion were leaving bright our horizon, for the arms that had been raised against our beloved country were not yet all laid aside.

214. April 26—Confederate General Johnson surrendered to General Sherman, with his army, at Greensboro, N. C.

215. May 4—Confederate General Taylor surrendered, with all the Confederate forces East of the Mississippi, to General Canby.

216. May 26—General Kirby Smith surrendered, with all of the Confederate forces West of the Mississippi, to General Canby.

' Thus ended one of the greatest civil wars ever known to civilization, and may our country never be

subjected to another, but may peace and prosperity always prevail among us, is my prayer.

A nation reared by labor of
Men who tilled her soil,
Ever for her great future good
Rightly did they toil.
Independence which they gained
Could we now let go?
Ah! hear the answer: "No! no! no!"

NOTES.

1. John Brown, who had been preaching to the slaves in the South for some time to rise and free themselves from their bondage, was, after a hard struggle, captured at Harper's Ferry, Va., October 18, and after being tried was hanged at Charleston, West Virginia, December 2, 1859.

2. The *Star of the West*, a merchant vessel, sailed from New York, January 5, 1861, with reinforcements for Anderson, and was fired upon in Charleston Harbor, S. C., on the 9th. She then returned, without communicating with Anderson. This was the first shot fired upon our flag.

3. January, 1861, upon the refusal of Captain Bushwood to bring the U. S. cutter "*Robert McClelland*" from New Orleans to New York, John A. Dix, then Secretary of the Treasury, telegraphed for his arrest, and for the lieutenant to take command, and added that "If any man attempt to haul down the American flag, shoot him on the spot."

4. February 4, 1861, Jefferson Davis, of Mississippi, and Alex. H. Stephens, of Georgia, were chosen President and Vice-President of the Confederate States, to act until a general election, which was held in November, 1861, when Davis and Stephens were elected for the term of six years. Jefferson Davis graduated from West Point in 1828, and served in the U. S. service until 1835, when he resigned, and became a cotton planter in Mississippi, and afterwards became a politician. At Mexico he was Colonel of the First Miss. Riflemen, and won honors. He resigned his position as U. S. Senator, January 21, 1861, to take part in the

secession of his State. Stephens was a lawyer and somewhat of a politician.

5. General Twiggs, in command of the Department of Texas, surrendered his whole command, with all of the Government property, to the Confederates. He was immediately afterwards dismissed from the U. S. service, March 1st, 1861. He then entered the Confederate service.

6. Lient. Adam Slemmer took possession of Fort Pickens, West end of the Santa Rosa Island, January, 1861; and this fort never fell into the hands of the Confederates.

7. P. T. G. Beauregard was Major of Engineers in the U. S. service, but when his State, Louisiana, seceded, he joined the Confederate service.

8. Edmund Ruffin, an old Virginia gentleman, it is said, fired the first hostile shot on Fort Sumter. In 1865, when there was no hope of the South gaining their independence, he committed suicide by shooting himself, saying he could not survive the Confederacy. He was then about 70 years of age.

9. Gen. Robert E. Lee resigned his commission April 20, 1861, as Lient.-Col. U. S. Army.

10. Joseph E. Johnson resigned about April 20, 1861. He was a Brigadier-Gen. in the U. S. Army.

11. J. B. Magruder resigned his commission in the U. S. service when his State, Virginia, seceded.

12. The Havelock gets its name from Sir Henry Havelock, who used them in a rebellion in India.

13. There were no Union soldiers sent into Virginia until that State seceded, May 23, 1861, but before dawn of the next day (24th) there were 15,000 troops sent from Washington to the opposite side of the River Potomac.

14. The Potomac, from Washington, D. C., to the Chesapeake Bay, is about 125 miles.

15. Old Point Comfort is where Fortress Monroe now stands, and was so named because the first colonies from England landed there. It was there, also, that the first slaves of this country were landed and sold (20 in number) from a Dutch vessel, in the year 1619.

16. May, 1861, General George B. McClellan made Major-General in the Regular (U. S.) Army, and given command of the Department of Ohio.

17. Robert S. Garnet had been an officer in the U. S. Army. He was killed, while serving in the Confederate Army, July 13, 1861, at a ford on Little Cheat River.

18. General Beauregard first, and then Joseph E. Johnston, commanded the Confederate Army at the first Bull Run battle. General Irvin McDowell commanded the Federal troops.

19. General Leonidas Polk was a graduate of West Point, but after graduating adopted the clerical profession, which he continued till the outbreak of the rebellion, when he accepted a generalship in the Confederate service.

20. Ulysses S. Grant graduated from West Point and served with credit in the Mexican war. In 1854 he resigned, but at the outbreak of the rebellion he entered the volunteer service as a captain. On the 17th of June, 1861, he was commissioned Colonel of the 21st Illinois Regiment, and so he kept rising till he reached the highest command.

21. Confederate General Thomas Jefferson Jackson (Stonewall) was born January 24, 1824; died May 10, 1863, from wound received at the battle of Chancellorsville, Va.

22. General George B. McClellan (Federal)—

1. In the dark days of '61
He was our country's greatest son,
Acknowledged such both far and near,
By some from love, by some from fear.
2. In those trying days of '62
We find him ever brave and true,
And loved by all true patriots
For his great science in war arts.
3. But in the year '63—
Ah! well—but yet it was to be!—
No longer at his army's head,
Who loved the soil beneath his tread!

4. Yet in the year '64
He is as loyal as of yore,
Ever ready to mount his steed,
And battle for his country's need.
5. Why in the field he did not stay
I will not venture here to say;
But by all his greatness was known,
Even though it was overthrown.

22. Showing the strength of the Union Army, '61-'65:

July 1, 1861—present, 183,588; absent, 3,163. Total, 186,751.

January 1, 1862—present, 527,204; absent, 48,714. Total, 575,918.

March 31, 1862—present, 533,984; absent, 103,152. Total, 637,126.

January 1, 1863—present, 689,802; absent, 219,389. Total, 909,191.

January 1, 1864—present, 611,250; absent, 249,487. Total, 860,737.

January 1, 1865—present, 620,924; absent, 338,536. Total, 959,460.

March 31, 1865—present, 657,147; absent, 322,339. Total, 980,086.

May 1, 1865—present, volunteers, 787,867; absent, volunteers, 202,709. Total, 990,516, or nearly 1,000,000.

24. Number of colored troops enlisted during the rebellion, 186,090.

25. The casualties of the Union Army during the rebellion were:

Officers and men killed	60,970
Died of wounds.....	35,963
Died of disease	183,464

Total.....280,397

Discharged for disability224,306

Grand total of loss to the Union Army,
'61-'65, not including thousands who were
probably killed and marked "missing"... 504,703

26. There were of officers and men 302 who committed suicide, 103 homicide, and 121 were executed.

Colors of a heavenly hue,
How great our sacrifice for you!
Now guide us through a peaceful life
To that land where there is no strife.

27. Quincy Adams Gilmore (Federal), born at Black River, Lorain County, Ohio, 1825, graduated 1849. In 1861 he received a commission as captain in the U. S. service. His abilities as an engineer were soon noticeable, and he was appointed Chief Engineer of the Port Royal expedition, where he planned the siege of Fort Pulaski, at the mouth of the Savannah River, which was captured in the early part of '62. He afterwards commanded the 10th Army Corps, and did good service during the siege of Charleston Harbor, also through the rebellion.

28. David D. Porter (Federal), son of Commodore David Porter, born in the year 1814, and in the year 1829 entered the navy, and served there the greater part of the time, from one position to another, till the outbreak of the rebellion, when he was placed in command of the steam sloop-of-war Powhatan, and placed on blockade duty. He finally became commander of one of our greatest naval fleets, and history tells of the great work he accomplished.

29. John A. McClernand (Federal) was a lawyer by profession, from Illinois. At the outbreak of the rebellion he entered the Union Army, and soon became a brigadier-general, and proving himself to be a shrewd military man in many battles, was ranked as Major-General of Volunteers.

30. Benjamin F. Butler (Federal), of Massachusetts, like McClernand, was a lawyer, and proved himself a valuable officer for the Union cause.

31. Phillip Henry Sheridan (Federal), born 1831, in Perry County, Ohio, and entered West Point, 1848. He graduated in June, 1853, and then entered the U. S. Army as Brevet Second Lieutenant of Infantry. At

the outbreak of the rebellion Sheridan had only risen to the rank of second lieutenant, but during the year of '61 received a captain's commission. He took, as I might say, no active part till May, '62, when he was appointed Colonel of a Massachusetts Regiment (2nd Cavalry), after which he proved himself a dashing and victorious officer, and at the end of the rebellion was ranking as Major-General of the U. S. Army.

32. John Sedgwick (Federal), while in command of the 6th Army Corps, was killed at Spottsylvania Courthouse, Va. He was a native of Connecticut, and was born in the year 1811, and graduated at West Point, 1837. When the rebellion commenced, it greatly changed his contemplations, for he was then about to retire. He soon became an active officer in the Union Army, and his loss was great to the Union, and mourned by all.

33. Robert E. Lee (Confederate), born in Virginia, 1808, graduated from West Point, 1829, and was appointed Second Lieutenant of Engineers. Having served faithfully, and with credit, in the U. S. Army, was, at the outbreak of the rebellion, ranking as Colonel. Like many others, he should have been the last to desert his country; but when his State, Virginia, seceded, he went with it, and took an active part, from the beginning to the end of the rebellion, in the Confederate service.

34. Abraham Lincoln (Federal), born February 12, 1809, died April 15, 1865—Hadginville, Ky., his birth-place. Mr. Lincoln was a faithful servant to his people while President of the United States, and his assassination was hardly approved of by the most radical secessionist.

In our historic civil war
There shines a part our brave ones bore.

In many battles gory red
Sounded their gallant noble tread.

Within this silent resting-place
Is mounds we yearly love to trace,
To strew them with rich garlands fair,
Heaven's sweet gift to us so rare.

Leaving their homes and friends so dear,
Onward they march'd without a fear,
Venturing to the cannon's mouth,
Even in the farthest South.

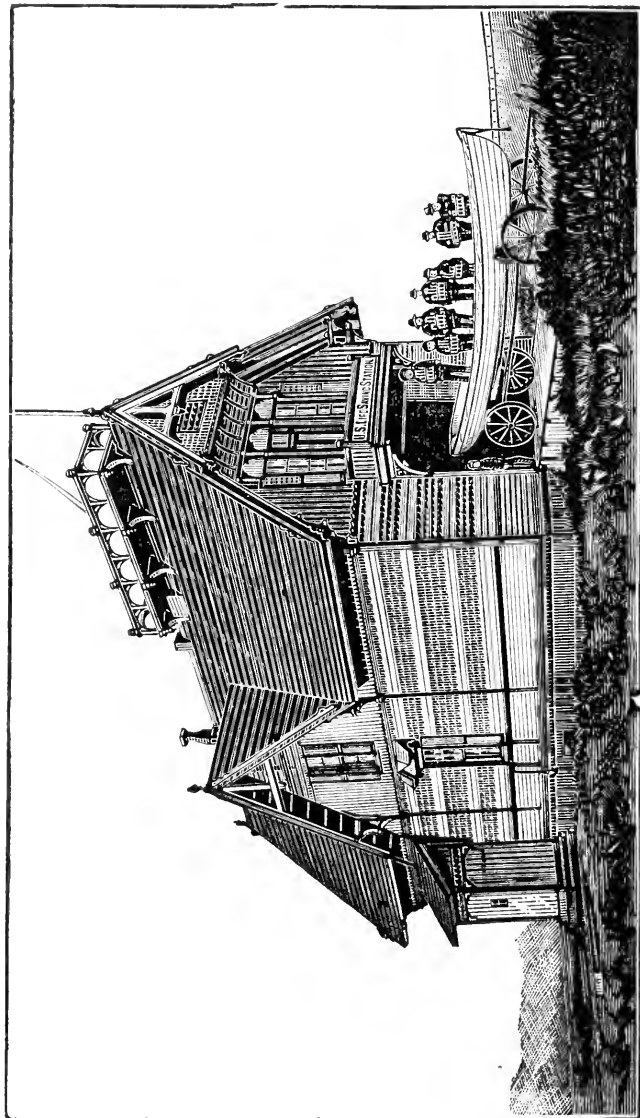
With the spirit of soldiers old
Ever battled our brave ones bold,
Resting not till our land was clear,
Even beyond the slightest fear.
Merrily they sang loyal songs;
Eagerly they fought to right wrongs;
Many suffered heartrending pain,
Before the battle they could gain;
Even now, in that Southern land,
Rest some of our brave village band.

To them our mem'ry is as clear
Here to-day as though they were near.
Every kind kindred here to-day
Echo the words of praise I say,
Because they all remember well
Rebellion's mournful sounding knell.
As fathers, brothers, husbands, all
Ventured forth to our Union's call,
Every sister and mother dear

Offered up a prayer of cheer—
Now in peace, this word of prayer:
Ever guide us, Lord, with care!
So say we all.

Having now brought the story of "THE VILLAGE COLOR-BEARER" to a close, and feeling confident that the reader has been much interested in the valuable information the author has added to his reminiscences of the late war of the rebellion, he will proceed to give, in the following pages, his experience in the U. S. Life-Saving Service, and trust that it will be of equal interest, and the information he presents be as useful to the reader and all whom it may reach.





U. S. LIFE-SAVING STATION, MANHATTAN BEACH.

THE U. S. LIFE-SAVING SERVICE KEEPER.

THE U. S. LIFE-SAVING SERVICE KEEPER.

Rockaway Beach and its ocean shore!
And do I remember its mighty roar?
Ah! I guess I do, and always will,
For with pride I think of my playground still.

Although our beaches at times present an indescribable scene, and one of the most heart-rending, such as a vessel stranding at night and during a heavy storm, with the wind blowing on shore, the mighty waves soon washing over the ship, causing passengers and crew to seek safety in the rigging—this, although far from being a comfortable position, probably affords a safe refuge for a short time—but finally, as strong as the rigging and spars have hitherto appeared, give way to the mighty power of the ocean, and its precious burden is plunged deep in the roaring sea, and there, by its wonderful power, carried to the shore through the foaming billows, and left lifeless on its beach; but, as the darkness breaks away and the storm abates, kind hearts and strong arms clear the beach of wreckage, and tenderly care for its victims. A brighter and more pleasing scene, perchance, soon presents itself. The sun beaming in its brightest rays, the ocean calm and quiet, with the exception of a low rolling swell, which makes its way to the beach leisurely, and simply announces its arrival by a slight rumbling noise, which only attracts without causing affright to the most youthful; and, as if to amuse and delight, sends its silvery spray a short distance upwards, where the sun, as if to aid the treacherous sea, will cause it to sparkle like so many diamonds.

Such are the scenes of our ocean shores,
That none could help but fear its claws—
Again, no place could give more delight,
With their dazzling picturesque sight.

My great-grandfather, while yet in the prime of life, having made his home on Rockaway Beach and died there, my grandfather being born and died there, and my father being born there, and again I living there during my youthful days, naturally placed me in possession of its seashore changeable panorama; for many hours have I listened to recitals of disasters and adventures along the beach; also of the many rambles, along the surf, of the lighthearted and frolicsome girls and boys. It was here that I got my first pair of skates, which were taken from a brig that stranded upon our beach (Hog Island Shoals), with a miscellaneous cargo, of which skates and rock candy I have the best remembrance. Other wrecks I looked upon in my boyhood days with interest, but their cargoes not being of a nature suitable to a boyish taste, their incidents are not so bright to my vision. The greatest loss of life on Rockaway Beach was probably the wrecking of the ship *Bristol*, which occurred a little to the West of the now Seaside Avenue (running from the Seaside Hotel, in about the year 1839. The weather had been somewhat "thick" and stormy for a few days, but at the time of the *Bristol's* grounding the sea had not reached its greatest magnitude. As the ship struck upon the beach (about four hundred yards off shore) bells were rung and guns were fired from on board the ship. This soon attracted the attention of the few inhabitants of Ruffle Bar, a small island in Jamaica Bay, and about a mile and a half to the North of Rockaway Beach, and nearly opposite the scene of disaster. My mother was living at this time with her parents on Ruffle Bar, and her brother (Carman Baldwin), with two or three others, now took a yawl boat and rowed across to the beach, where they joined the few inhabitants of the beach. This yawl was now placed upon a wagon and drawn across the beach, and

launched into the surf, and made two or three trips to the Bristol, returning loaded as deeply as possible with passengers each time; but the sea increased so rapidly all further attempts to get through the surf were fruitless, although brave endeavors were made; but no sooner—with the most skilful management—would the now historic little boat be launched from the beach than she would be thrown, with her brave crew, back upon the shore. Now came the greatest scene of horror. The few who had been rescued began to realize the fate of their dear loved ones clinging to the rigging of the fast demolishing ship, and in their despairing frenzy some would offer one, two, or even more, thousand dollars for the rescue of some one, others would implore the aid of Deity, but all was of no avail. The life-savers now prevailed upon some of the rescued to leave the sad scene, but others could not be induced to leave till after the last hope of rescue had vanished, which was after the last spar had consigned its clinging mass of humanity to the deep. A patrol was now established upon the beach, and as the ocean gave up those which she had claimed they were properly cared for.

I remember of hearing my uncle, on my father's side, telling of the scene on first getting off to the Bristol, two or three days after the disaster. The ocean was calm, with the exception of a ground sea (high rolling sea), and overhead the sun was spreading its radiant light from a cloudless sky. As they reached the wreck and got over the fallen spars, the water being very clear, the scene that they then witnessed was never forgotten by them. A number of ladies could be seen lashed to the submerged spars, and the one among them most conspicuous was that of a young woman. She was so fastened in the loose rigging that it gave her the appearance of sitting in a swing and

being leisurely swung to and fro; as the ingoing sea would carry her forward, her long dark hair would trail behind, which added to the lifelike appearance of its owner.

About the year 1857 there was a Life Saving Station erected on Rockaway Beach, near where I was residing—the Ryder Homestead. This station contained a metallic surfboat suitable for six oarsmen, oars and a limited amount of cordage—about thirty fathoms of a two and a half inch hawser nearly covered the entire amount of cordage—but even this limited amount of life-saving appliances did good service, and it had not been assigned to duty long before it took an active part. During the early part of the winter, and during a very severe easterly storm, I was awakened just before daybreak by a melancholy sound of a ringing bell. This sound

Mingling with the great tempest dirge
Caused me quickly to emerge
From cot, and leave that garret old
Which of many storms had told.

I believe every country boy of a few years back remembers well of his sleeping apartments in usually an unceiled garret. I remember of more than once, on awakening in the morning and finding myself surrounded by snow-drifts, and they not all diminutive ones either, and my bed-covering weighing considerably more than it did when I retired, and its color completely changed to a spotless white; but to me there was always a fascination about our old garret. How late I would lie of a morning, if I would be permitted to do so, and listen to a roaring wind, through the many crevices, or the beating of hail, snow or rain upon that old weather-beaten roof. But on hearing the bells ringing this morning its charms to me were forgotten for the moment; and springing out of bed,

I was soon dressed and down stairs, for I instantly divined the meaning of that bell, having been well taught, through recitals, of signals of distress on our beaches. Arriving down stairs I called my uncle, whom I was residing with, but his voice did not answer my call; instead, it was my aunt's, who said: "Uncle Ben. has gone over to the surf; he thought there was a vessel on the beach." I now asked permission to go over to the surf. My aunt at first hesitated, but finally gave her consent; after which I was not long in making my way across the beach to the surf, even though the storm was raging, and but little of the coming daylight had as yet made its appearance. On reaching the surf, there I beheld in its fullest term a shipwreck. It was the bark John Shrowd. She had been driven by the fierceness of the storm upon the beach about South from where I lived, or at the seaside terminus of the now Eldert Avenue. On arriving at the scene of disaster I found the morning cold, and yet quite dark; but I saw there about all of the beach inhabitants, and a number from Rockaway, and they were getting the surfboat ready to launch.

In a surf maddened by the gale—
Which herald many a wail—
And looked defiance at man's will,
With his appliances and skill.

As every sea was sweeping over the bark's decks, and her almost exhausted crew clinging in her fore rigging, all haste was made towards their rescue. With great interest I saw the brave crew volunteer to man the surfboat and get her ready for launching, and how impatiently they waited a few moments for an abatement of the huge breakers. Finally, the word was given, and the crew, who had been holding their boat in the edge of the surf, gave her all the headway they could, and then jumped into her and tried to get

off. The men being experienced oarsmen, pulled manfully, but, the wind blowing so hard on shore, they were unable to get out beyond the dark, hollowed break which soon met them. As the boat and sea met the bow of the boat was pitched so high in the air that it appeared that she must over-end; the next instant, the sea breaking, the brave crew and their noble boat were enveloped in its madly-tossed waters.

All on shore now, for an instant, were awe-stricken; for it looked as though boat and crew had been dashed to the bottom of the ocean; but as the sea, after breaking, swept madly high up upon the beach, it carried the surfboat and crew with it, where they were instantly, before the receding of the sea could carry them back, assisted by those who were on the beach. Two more attempts met with the same result, but the fourth was more successful. This time they got out beyond the break, but the current was running so strongly to the westward they could not quite reach the bark, but got near enough to throw the end of a small line on board, or in the fore rigging, where a sailor caught it. The surfboat now returned to the beach, and her crew bent their end of the small line on the end of their hawser, which was hauled off by the bark's crew and made fast, after which the shore end was made fast to a large pile, which had been buried, end first, down deep in the sand. Two ropes were used now, one made fast at each end of the surfboat (she being a double-ender) and over the hawser, which prevented the boat from getting away from the hawser, but allowed her to be hauled to and from the bark. When the surfboat was hauled off she was hauled under the bowsprit, and from there, by means of a rope, the bark's crew was taken in the surfboat. There was one woman on board; she was made fast to a rope and lowered down first; she was the stew-

ardess, and was nearly exhausted, but by good treatment for a few days was able to go to New York City. Providentially, there was none of the crew lost; but they were only saved by the greatest of courage and skill. The bark was a total loss, but her cargo, which was mostly flour, was not so seriously injured; the barrels of flour were only wet in about three inches, inside of that it was good. I might say here that at this time there were but four houses on the beach, viz.: Elias Watts, about a mile and a quarter East of my uncle's (the Ryder Homestead); Lewis Dodge, half a mile Southeast, and the other about one mile West, which was occupied, I believe, at the time, but the name of its occupant I have forgotten. I might add yet another house, if such it could be called; still, it sheltered a family, and they were properly named "the happy family," if to neglect all acts of cleanliness and the ways of this world's people would make them happy, certainly they had their share of happiness. There were four in this family, viz.: Father, mother, sister and brother, and their residence, such as it was, was about half way between my uncle's and the upland (the West part of Far Rockaway), distance about four miles.

Their house or shanty, thatched o'er with straw,
Looked "rustic" enough from outdoor;
But the inside, where all was centred,
Few visitors ever entered.

Rockaway Beach had many charms for me, and I still think pleasantly of my boyhood days there, and of the many strolls I have had along its surf,

Where Winter's storms gave me no fear,
And the angry waves did but cheer
Me through the darkness of the night
As well as by the bright daylight.

The reminiscences of Rockaway Beach would make

an interesting book ; but it is not my purpose to go far into details. Still, I will make mention of one or two more incidents. I was not very old before I learned well of the surf and its inducements, of which the pleasant scenes of the calm ocean or the magnetism of its storm-lashed waters was not always the greatest ; therefore I was always watchful as to the wind's direction, duration and velocity. Any Southerly wind, from Southeast to Southwest, was favorable, but the nearer South the better it was thought to be for our purpose. The wind having been Easterly, and the weather stormy for a day or two, and the wind finally working around to about South at about noon, and blowing fresh, kept me during the afternoon somewhat uneasy, for I wanted to get over to the surf ahead of the other boys. This was about the year 1855.

There was now a family living in the Watts house by the name of Foster, and some of the boys often went along the surf. But I had work to do, so I could not go till after sunset, and then it was with the greatest reluctance that my aunt gave me permission; but after getting her consent, I was but a short time making my way across the beach, although it was now getting dark, and the heavy clouds overhead and black waters off shore adding greatly to its density, still, I lost none of my desire to take a "cruise" to the west, although the roaring of the wind and sea was almost deafening. I had not gone far, however, before I stopped and tried to look seaward, for I imagined I could hear the cry for help; but the darkness was so great that my eyesight failed to pierce its thickness beyond the foaming break. But there! being carried in upon its crest, what did I behold? A huge, black object in its snowy-white foam. I was not frightened, but stood in a sort of bewilderment. Still, I was not held in its grasp long, for in an instant the black ob-

ject was thrown upon the beach. Without thought I quickly approached it, and soon discovered its nature. It was a large hogshhead, about five feet in height and measuring across the top about four feet. It was lying upon its side, and with my utmost strength I was but just able to roll it above high water-mark. Now my work commenced, and all thought, save that of getting the hogshhead up, was quickly banished from my mind. As dark as the night was, there was constantly one or two of these hogshheads in my view, either upon the beach or in the edge of the boiling surf, from which it was soon landed high upon the beach. I continued my work of rolling them up until I was nearly exhausted. Luckily I could see no more, so quite willingly I turned my steps homeward; but I had done a good night's work, having rolled up sixty of those hogshheads.

With what pride did I return home and report to my uncle what I had accomplished, who was anxiously waiting my return, as the hour was now late. I felt sure that my uncle would go to the surf early the next morning. So, before bidding him good night, I asked permission to go with him if he did go. "I will think it over," answered my uncle. Although, being greatly fatigued, and the hour being late when I did retire for the night, still I was up early the next morning. Yet I was not up early enough to find my uncle at home, for he had long been gone to the surf, and at an early hour returned, having added about forty hogshheads to my number. These hogshheads proved to have been a deck load of some vessel, and during the rough weather had been washed overboard. They were given up to the owners, a firm in New York City, who paid my uncle liberally for his trouble.

I often picked up little curiosities along the surf, which were always eagerly sought. I also found a

number of heavy sticks of timber, which, after being advertised, were sold, my uncle receiving from the sale a fair compensation. In the year 1858 the Foster boys found the remains of a young man on the beach, near what was called "the Baters," a large opening across the beach, where there had been an inlet through and through, which my grandmother often told me she had seen large vessels pass. This young man was well dressed and of wealthy parents, and his death was a mystery, but it was supposed that he had been drowned from one of the docks of New York City. There was a reward of \$500, which the Fosters got, also \$20 for caring for the remains; so that there was constantly an inducement, other than that of pleasure, in "cruising" the surf.

My object being mainly to give a few incidents and adventures while in the Life-Saving Service, I will not dwell longer upon early beach incidents. To give a better knowledge of the Life-Saving Service, perhaps it will be well to give a little of its history—that is, our Government's Life-Saving Service. As I have said, about the year 1857 there was a station erected on Rockaway Beach, and furnished with a boat, &c. Similar stations were erected on the Jersey beach, and they were similarly furnished. A keeper for each one of these stations, whose duty it was to enrol a volunteer crew (who only received compensation upon rendering service), to look after the house and its property, and render all possible assistance in the saving of life and property, was appointed by the Government, and for his services he received a small yearly compensation. Although this beginning, as small as it was, rendered valuable service, still it was slow in making itself felt sufficiently to guarantee any great advancement, and not until 1871 did its rapid growth begin, when the small sum of \$10,080 was appropriated for

the employment of a few crews on the Jersey beach, who were to reside at certain stations, and establish a patrol upon the beach, in the near vicinity of their stations, from December 15 to March 15. The establishment of this little patrol, I believe, is wholly due to the quick perception of the energetic little Senator, S. S. Cox, of New York, although great credit is as well due Senators Dawes of Massachusetts and Stockton of New Jersey, and to whom thousands to-day are indebted for their lives, not speaking of the vast amount of property saved. The establishment of this little patrol bore such fruit that it gave such an impetus to the service that rapid strides were immediately noticeable towards its great advancement,

And as though it was but a day
From its childhood to man's ray,
It rose so noble and so grand,
With pride it has covered our land.

Each year now brought forth some new improvement; old stations were put in better condition, and new ones built, and they were better equipped; the employment of extra crews, the prolonging of their term of service, and the increase in their pay—all showed the appreciation of the service. This service comes under the head of the Treasury Department; but it having become, some time since, such an important branch, a General Superintendent, with assistants, was appointed, whose office is at the Treasury Department, Washington, D. C., and who has the supervision of all the service. The service is divided into districts, and each district has its District Superintendent, who is a civilian, and an Assistant Inspector, who is a Lieutenant of the Revenue Marine Service. There is also an Inspector, whose office is in New York City, and who is of the Revenue Marine Service. The District Superintendent is always a welcome visitor, as it is he who

pays the crews, which is quarterly, June the 30th being the end of the fiscal year. He also has the power of finding out the proficiency of the crews in their duty and the condition of the Government property in the stations; but this is usually the duty of the Assistant Inspector, or, as I might say, it is his duty, and he usually attends to it very regularly—too much so for many of the crews. While I was in the service I must say that we were favored with good and gentlemanly District Superintendents, “Capt.” Huntting, of Bridgehampton, being our first, and then Mr. Arthur Downing, of Bay Shore, N. Y.

My first duties in the U. S. L. S. S. commenced, after passing a medical examination at the Revenue Marine Hospital (which all new men are obliged to do upon first entering the service, but, after once passing there, they can, at the commencement of each year thereafter, if they choose, be examined by a family physician), September 1st, 1883, in the Coney Island Life-Saving Station, at Manhattan Beach, L. I., N. Y., about 150 yards East of the Oriental Hotel. The crews in our district went on duty then as now, viz., six men on the 1st of September and the “7” man on the 1st of December, and all staying until the 30th of April, commencing at midnight and ending the same. Their pay was as now—keepers, \$100 per annum; surfmen (crew), \$50 per month during the active service. During the inactive season (May, June, July and August,) all went to their homes and sought other employment, the keeper going occasionally and looking after the property (station, &c.) During my first year I was No. 4 in the crew. Our duty was about as follows, after we had got in “working order:” Our hours of patrol were—“A” from sunset until 8 p. m.; “B” from 8 p. m. until midnight; “C” from midnight until 4 a. m.; and then “A” again from 4 a. m. until sunrise, after which

he did the cooking for the day, and was "day duty man." The distance of our patrol was about $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles East and 2 miles West of our station. The duty of the patrolman, if he saw any one that he could assist, was to do so; if he saw any vessel sailing too near in towards the beach, he was to warn her off by burning one of his caution signal lights; these he carried in a box similar to a cartridge-box worn by soldiers for carrying their ammunition in. To burn the signal, the patrolman would insert it in a "holder" which he carried, and by hitting a spindle which was in the other end of the holder the signal would be ignited and give a bright red light. This would signify to the vessel that she was running into danger. If the patrolman saw a vessel in distress, of whatever nature, and could not render all necessary assistance himself, he was to report it to the Keeper of the Station as soon as possible. He was also required to keep a good lookout for smugglers, and take charge of all smuggled goods, or report the same to the keeper. At the station he was to note, on a slate kept for the purpose, the state of wind, weather and surf at midnight; the day duty man noting the same at sunrise, moon and sunset, also the number of vessels which passed the station during the day—for example: "Ships, 8; barks, 4; brigs, 9; steamers, 20; schooners, 48; sloops, 20;" and if he saw any vessel in distress, he (day duty man) was to report the same to the keeper, or the one in charge during the absence of the keeper. No. 1 would be in charge. Our drilling consisted of the following, but we were not overworked by drill at this time: Practising with the surfboat was done by launching and going through the surf, and then rowing for half an hour. Beach apparatus was as follows, but to make it thoroughly understood would perhaps be impossible, still I may give an insight as to its working, and briefly explain

the duties of a surfman (those employed in the U. S. L. S. S.) The beach apparatus paraphernalia is always carefully, and in accordance with regulations, stowed away upon a cart, and after the crew assembles in the boatroom for drill, the keeper gives the command, "Open Boatroom Doors; man the Beach Wagon." The men designated for this duty open the doors, and after the crew has manned the wagon (see illustration on page 118), each man repeats the lesson of his duty. After each man has recited his lesson, the Captain gives the command, "Forward," and upon reaching the desired point, commands, "Halt." The command "Action" is then given, and during the progress of the drill the following additional commands are given: "Man weather part of whip," "Haul out," "Man lee whip," "Haul ashore."

After the gun is taken from the cart and loaded with from one to seven pounds of powder, a shot (iron) weighing 19 lbs., and 16 inches in length, with a thin shank in one end, is inserted in the gun upon the powder (the powder being in flannel bags); but before the insertion of the shot in the gun, the end of the shot-line is tied in the eye of the shank, which remains just out from the muzzle of the gun—an excellent brass piece. The gun being sighted, elevated, &c., by the Captain, he then gives the command, "Ready," and fires the gun, which is done by friction primer and lanyard. Supposing it to be at a wreck, the shot being thrown over the vessel, carrying the line with it, the line is got by those on board, and after the shore end is made fast around the whip-block, they begin to haul off (upon signal), and, on getting the block, make it fast (by a rope which is spliced around it for the purpose), well up to one of the vessel's spars, a tally-board (No. 1) accompanying the block, with directions in both English and French. This whip-block is a

single block, and a rope which is known as the "whip," is rove through it, the two ends being kept on shore, one of which is rove through the sand-anchor-block (or another block for the purpose); after which the two whip ends are bent (tied) together and then made fast to the end of the hawser (a $2\frac{1}{2}$ -inch rope), which is hauled off from the shore, by the whip, to the vessel, and made fast about two feet above the whip-block. Tally-board No. 2 accompanies the hawser. The whip being unbent by the vessel's crew, is overhauled by the station crew, until they get the two parts which are bent together. Before the hawser is sent off, the end of it is rove through the "breeches buoy" block. This breeches buoy is round, made of canvas, and filled with cork; it is in diameter 18 inches on the inside, and 27 inches over all, the buoy being like a big round ring. There is attached on the inside, as it is often termed, a pair of "trousers," with the legs cut very short. These trousers hang down when the buoy is raised. On the upper part of this buoy are slings, which are made fast to the traveller block; the snap traveller block is now very seldom used. The two ends of the whip, after being overhauled, are unbent and made fast to the lower part of the traveller block, there being a place for the purpose. Now, if you remember, we have one end of the hawser made fast to the spar of the wreck. The shore end is now made fast to the sand anchor. This sand anchor is, say two pieces, of $1\frac{1}{2}$ -inch planking, 10 inches in width, and 4 feet in length. These two pieces are laid flat upon each other and bolted together at the centre, but in such a manner that they can be opened, but remaining flat, and closed easily. One end of a piece of large rope, say 6 feet in length, is made fast to the centre of the sand anchor. At the other end of this rope is the sand anchor block. The sand anchor is opened slightly and

placed on its ends down in a hole dug for the purpose, the flat part facing the wreck, and the top part canted a little backwards. In this manner the sand anchor is buried. The shore end of the hawser, in being made fast to the sand anchor, is snapped into the sand anchor block. The hawser is now hauled moderately taut, and then the crotch is raised under it. This raises the hawser at the edge of the beach about eight feet, which, to a great extent, prevents the buoy from being drawn through the water. After the crotch is raised the hawser is hauled as taut as it can be got, by a four-fall tackle. After this is done, the weather (say right) whip is manned, and the buoy hauled out. As a better explanation of this whip while in use we will say that we have a rope 200 yards in length, and hauled out to its full length from east to west—this representing the hawser from the wreck to the shore—now place a coil of rope just on the south side of the hawser and near the west end; then let a man take each end of this rope, and one with his end go to the east, and at the end of the hawser, reeve it through a block and bring it back on the north side of the hawser, to a point opposite from where he started; let the other man go to the west with his end, and reeve it through the block at the west end of the hawser, turn and bring it on the north side of the hawser, till he gets opposite the starting point, where he meets the other man with his end. Now, we'll say let those two ends be made fast to the breeches buoy, or traveller block which runs upon the hawser. This being done, it can easily be seen that by hauling out on the South (weather) side, sends the breeches buoy out to the wreck, where one person at a time gets in and is hauled ashore by the surfman manning the lee (North) whip. No. 1 surfman always remains in charge of the lee whip, and No. 2 in charge of the weather whip; the

other men are called shifting men on the whip. For practice we have a pole representing the spar of a vessel, and a ladder going up to a small platform which is around the pole. The shot being fired, with shot-line over the pole, one of the crew goes to the pole, and after performing the duty of a shipwrecked crew, gets in the buoy and is "hailed ashore." This drill is performed in the short time of five minutes, and often in less time, and is done precisely the same as though at a wreck; but at a wreck the time depends entirely upon circumstances—it would naturally take half an hour in ordinary times. The greatest distance, I believe (I have heard of none greater), that people have been rescued from shipwreck is 450 yards by the beach apparatus. The lesson of resuscitation of the apparently drowned is somewhat lengthy, and the committing of it to memory and the reciting of it is seldom appreciated by surfmen, but in the working of the practical part they become, as a rule, quite proficient. They also readily gain a good knowledge of the treatment of wounds and exposures in the cold, frostbites, &c.

The International Code of Signals is, as its name implies, that adopted by all nations, and is used for signalling from one vessel or point to another. All large vessels, of whatever nationality, as a rule, carry this Code; and should one be near a Signal or Life-Saving Station and wish to communicate, she could easily do so. The principal object of having the code in the Life-Saving Stations is in cases of distress. The following will give a slight idea of the code and its use:

- B* Burgee—Red, swallow-tail.
- C* Pennant—White, with red spot.
- D* Pennant—Blue, with white spot.
- F* Pennant—Red, with white spot.
- G* Pennant—Yellow, blue, in two vertical stripes.

SQUARE FLAGS.

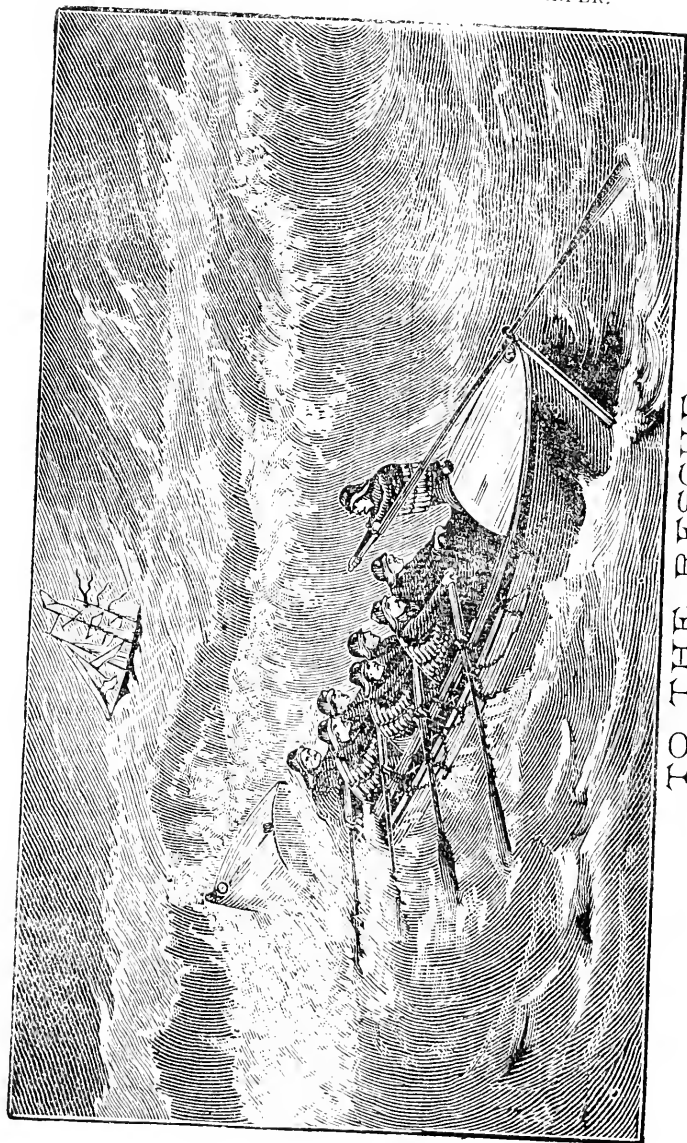
- H* White, red, in two vertical stripes.
 - J* Blue, white, blue, in three horizontal stripes.
 - K* Yellow, blue, in two vertical stripes.
 - L* Blue and yellow, in four alternate checks.
 - M* Blue, with white diagonal cross.
 - N* Blue and white, in sixteen alternate checks.
 - P* Blue, with white centre.
 - Q* Yellow. Quarantine.
 - R* Red, with yellow right cross.
 - S* White, with blue centre.
 - T* Red, white, blue, in three vertical stripes.
 - V* White, with red diagonal cross.
 - W* Blue, white, red, in three borders.
- Code Pennant—Red and white, in five vertical stripes.

This code requires considerable study. Still, the surfman gains a very good knowledge of its use. The following as an example: Two-flag hoist, burgee uppermost, is an attention signal; two-flag hoist, pennant uppermost, is a compass signal; two-flag hoist, square flag uppermost, is a distress signal. And then we have the three and four flag hoist.

Our duties in the house were, usually: No. 1 had charge of the boat room, and was responsible for its cleanliness; No. 2, the upstairs work, which was to see that the covering on the cots (each man having a cot to himself) were in order, and to the cleanliness of the room, the other men doing all the work in the kitchen, with the exception of the cooking and setting of the table, which the day duty man did. Day duty would come about once a week for each man. Our station was classed among the best, and was built in the year 1878, near where the old one stood (of the old volunteer style).

MARCH 4, 1880, early in the morning, the wind was blowing very hard from the Northeast, and the weather was "thick" and stormy, and had been for a day or two; but at about 11 o'clock a. m., the wind working

around to the Southeast, the fog broke away, and, to the surprise of the station crew, they saw a piece of a wreck just to the West of our West Shoals, and upon looking closely, saw there was a man upon it. They immediately took their surfboat about one-third of a mile to the East, where the surf was not quite so high, and launched her. The distance then was about $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles to the floating piece of wreckage, and the sea running very high; but fortunately the wind had lulled considerably, which enabled the crew to make very good headway. But just before reaching the object in pursuit of, they encountered a large number of kerosene barrels (empty), and other signs of a serious marine disaster. On reaching the piece of wreckage which they had sighted, they found there was but the one man upon it, and it was with great difficulty that they rescued him, as the sea was very high, and he being nearly exhausted; but he was finally got safe in the surfboat and taken to the station, where, after a few hours of kind treatment, he made the following statement (through an interpreter): His name was Petro Sala, of the Italian bark Ajace, of Genoa, 566 tons register, bound for New York. Sala further stated that the bark had been running before the wind during the morning (March 4), but as to their immediate whereabouts they did not know. Finally, at about 9 o'clock, a. m., they found they were getting in shoal water and sharp seas. They then tried to head the bark off shore, but the wind and sea being so great, the bark was soon upon the shoals and in a tremendous break. Seas now began to wash over the vessel, and her spars soon fell; and in less than an hour's time there was but little of her left together. There was a crew of fourteen (officers and all) on board, and they all perished, with the exception of the one who chanced to be on a portion of the afterdeck when it was carried



TO THE RESCUE.

away, and it was a miracle that he was able to cling to it as he did, for the bark went to pieces on the East Shoals, and Sala was carried across the main (Rockaway) inlet and through the "wild" break of the West Shoals. All of the Ajacc's crew were picked up shortly after the disaster, most of them on Manhattan Beach and by the station crew.

My first year I remained as No. 4 surfer all through and without any incident of great interest. At the commencement of my second year I was made No. 1, and acted as such the year through without any great adventures. I might say here that on or about October 18, 1884, the Bennett and Mackay Cable was landed about 100 yards to the East of our station by the steamer Faraday. June 30, 1885, our keeper (Chas. Bebensee, of Coney Island L. S. Station), having tendered his resignation, and it being accepted, I was placed in charge of the station and under pay as surfer in active service (\$50 per month). During the inactive season ('85), Mr. Arthur Dominy superseded Mr. Henry E. Hunting as District Superintendent, which caused some delay in our crew going on active duty. About September 10, 1885, I received my appointment as Keeper of Coney Island L. S. Station from Mr. C. S. Fairchild, acting Secretary of the Treasury Department. Sept. 15, 1885, I entered upon active duty with my crew. I might say here that my pay as keeper was seven hundred dollars per year. On entering upon active duty this season we all found a great change in our rules, and many privileges we had enjoyed we were now deprived of. Not only that, but our duty, as I might say, was increased tenfold. We were now obliged to have two patrolmen out at once—one East, the other West. This was double duty for the patrolmen. In starting this double patrol we had the time detectors given us. This obliged me to get up every

night at midnight and change the dials on the clocks. The former keepers never had any of this duty to do. In fact it was seldom they were ever called for anything after retiring for the night. Perhaps it would be well for me to give a little insight as to these time detectors, or their use. With these "clocks" we were given two iron safes. These safes we set in posts, which were placed at each end of the patrols (East and West); in these safes there were keys which the patrolman, after unlocking the safe with a key that he carried, inserted in the clock and gave one turn. This punctured the dial (paper) on the face of the clock and showed the time of puncture and the number of the surfman doing the patrol. At midnight I wound the clocks and replaced the dials. These dials were sent to the District Superintendent every Monday, with my weekly transcript of the journal. Fortune now appeared to join in with our officers in adding to our labors, which the following shows: September 20, 1885, we saved a yawl-boat, valued at sixty dollars and belonging to Samuel Greenwood, Jr., of Sheepshead Bay. She was off by our (Rockaway) West Shoals when picked up, about two miles from our station, and she would probably soon have been a total loss.

OCTOBER 13, 1885—On this date came to us a hard Northeaster, an extra high tide and a heavy fall of rain, which gave us a laborious duty—that of saving the yacht *Christiana*, owned by Mr. N. W. Moulton of New York City. The *Christiana* was anchored in Sheepshead Bay, and had two anchors out; and her cables were supposed to have been good, but the wind blowing so hard, and the sea getting so high, caused her to part one of her cables, and then she began to drag her other anchor. Seeing this, I saw there was but one thing to do, and that was, to go with my crew on a roadway, which was all piled in with heavy piling, and

where the *Christiana* was dragging towards, and not far from. This bulkhead, as I might say, was the scene of a solid spray, the wind driving the sea against it with such force that the water was flying over almost in a solid body. We had about one-fourth of a mile to go, and, although we went that distance very quick, we did not get on the bulkhead any too soon; for the yacht parted her other cable and squared away for us; and as if with the utmost haste she wished to get to us for deliverance, she mounted the crest of a foaming wave, and was borne with its great force swiftly towards us, regardless of the enemy on whose edge we were standing—the bulkhead. The distance from where we were to Manhattan Beach was short, but I immediately saw that it would be impossible for us to get her there; so the only hope we had of saving her was to get her around a slight bend in the roadway towards Sheepshead Bay, then board her, make sail and run her aground on the opposite shore (Sheepshead Bay). The sea that had borne the *Christiana* to the bulkhead had somewhat outrun her, and on receding, after striking the bulkhead and a large amount of seaweed, which had been driven by the wind against the roadway, greatly checked her speed. This we took advantage of, and, taking hold of her bowsprit, shoved her some distance before the next sea caught her; but when it did, she was thrown with such force that we feared there was no help for her. Still, we continued our perseverance, with the rain pouring down upon us, and each sea, as it struck the bulkhead, breaking solid over us. This, however, we were almost heedless of, so great was our danger of having some of our limbs broken or being instantly killed. Near the edge of this bulkhead were posts, with a top piece running over them of about 6 inches in width and 2 inches in thickness; and to work to any advantage we were

obliged to be between the edge of the bulkhead and this fence; and as nearly every sea would throw the *Christiana* in, her bowsprit would come down on this top rail with such force that it was instantly broken in pieces, and all of us had many narrow escapes from being crushed. Although this fence was left in a dilapidated condition enough where the *Christiana* had passed by, still, it had its revenge, for it had parted stays, knocked the bowsprit out of place, and otherwise greatly disarranged all of her head-gear. After reaching the bend in the roadway I found it was yet impossible to make sail. In fact, we had parted nearly every rope on board, even to the main sheets. There was another sloop that had dragged against this roadway, and the parties who had charge of her cut a hole through her bottom and sunk her as quickly as they could, so as to save her from being demolished against the bulkhead. (Most of these yachts carry so much ballast that they will go to the bottom should they fill with water.) This they wanted me to do with the *Christiana*, but I foresaw the result—that the “cure would be worse than the disease.” My crew and myself continued our labors, and finally reached a bridge running across the bay. At first we thought our boat would be dashed to pieces here, but fortune appeared to favor us again, for, on reaching the bridge, we soon got her beyond the worst point, and then easily ran her along it to a place of safety, injured in all to about the amount of \$100; \$800 would be a low valuation for the yacht. On returning to our station I found we had been gone two hours; and I must say it was two hours of hard work for us; but the consolation of knowing that we had saved fully \$700 to the owner of the *Christiana* was ample reward for us. We were offered thanks and something more substantial for our labors by the *Christiana*’s owner, but the thanks was all that

we would accept. I might say here that among my crew who helped to save the *Christiana* was William Arend, one of the crew who saved the one man (Petro Sala) of the Italian bark *Ajaee*, and James W. Nolan, one of my old army associates, two noble boys. Just after returning to my station I saw a small sloop, about 8 tons, being driven off to sea by the wind. She had parted her cable, with no one on board, in Jamaica Bay, and the wind was such that she came down out of Rockaway Inlet (the West way), passing within about $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles of my station. At first I thought of trying to save her, but I soon saw that it was impossible, as she was more than a mile to windward of me, and the ebb tide heading her off shore, she was going with far greater speed than we could row.

JANUARY 13, 1886—Abraham W. Skidmore, of Canarsie, wishing to get to Barren Island on important business, came to my station and requested me to take him across to the island, as the bay was frozen over in such a manner that he could not get there from Canarsie. James W. Nolan and myself went to the East end of our beach, distance about $1\frac{1}{4}$ miles, where we got a yawl-boat, and took him across, distance nearly half a mile. There was a great deal of ice running at the time, which made the crossing very difficult. Still, we accomplished it without mishap.

FEBRUARY 9, 1866—Abraham W. Skidmore, George Rhoe and Richard Guiler, wishing to go to Barren Island on business, came to my station, as they could not get to the island from any other point; Nolan and myself took them there in a yawl-boat. The whole of the journey was attended with so much floating ice that it made it very laborious; still, we succeeded.

FEBRUARY 27, 1886—

A day to our vision yet bold,
Made more lasting by its intense cold;
And not one was on land to say
They'll yet be saved from our icy bay.

During the evening of February 25, 1886, the wind came out from the Northwest, and at midnight it was blowing a gale, and so intense was the cold wave that came with it that our bays were soon completely covered with a heavy coating of ice; and at about 2 o'clock, p. m., of the 27th inst., a gentleman representing the Street Cleaning Department of the City of New York came to my station and reported to me that there were five or six persons on board of dumping scows anchored off in Gravesend Bay who would surely perish unless very soon rescued. The wind had not lost any of its velocity, neither had the intensity of the cold abated. When this gentleman (a Mr. Britton) came to my station all within was comfortable and cheerful. I was upstairs in my room at the time, and when I was called and met the gentleman, and informed of his errand, it caused me a serious thought; for I immediately saw that to rescue those people was no small undertaking, but instantly I began to act by inquiring as to where those scows were, the amount of ice in the bay, and why a tugboat had not made the rescue. To all of my questions I received a favorable answer with the exception as to the rescue. Knowing that I was rendering no assistance by asking questions, I lost but little time in that respect. Going upstairs, and calling my crew to me, I stated to them my opinion of action and asked for theirs. They coincided with me that if assistance could be rendered it must be done without delay, and the only way to know was to go to the scene of action. I went down stairs and informed Mr. Britton of our willingness to go to Gravesend Bay if he could assist us in getting our surfboat there. This he said he could and would do if we would get her out a short distance on the Manhattan Boulevard, a roadway running out from the Oriental Hotel to a Gravesend road. I now gave

my crew the order to get ready, and called their attention to what we might expect, and told them to dress warm and not be afraid to throw an extra coat or two in our boat; but, probably through the comfortableness of our apartments at the time, my last admonition was not heeded, as it should have been. At about 2:30 o'clock, p. m. (Saturday, 27th), all being in readiness, we started with our boat, and hauled her, upon her trucks, by hand over hills and railroads, until we reached the Boulevard, and then about one mile, when a horse was procured and hitched to one side of the pole (our truck being so arranged that a team of horses could be hitched before it), my crew taking turns on the other side—this being necessary on account of the roughness of the road—and thus we made our way over rough and frozen roads to a point at Gravesend Bay, a distance of about eight miles.

The sad scene now which met our gaze
Was new and frightful in our bays.
Off in the ice and seas so wild,
Man was as helpless as a child.

On reaching Gravesend Beach I saw that the bay from Coney Island Point (West End) across to Gravesend Beach was filled solid with ice, and that there was a large amount of floating ice being driven down by the fierce wind that was blowing from the Northwest upon that already there. Off from where we were, about $1\frac{1}{4}$ miles in a Southwest direction, was anchored one of the dumping scows. As the great sea which was driven by the wind struck her bow its spray was immediately converted into ice, and her bow, through the freezing spray, soon had the appearance of a huge iceberg. On her stern, which was greatly elevated by the ice weighing her bow down, stood a man waving a signal of distress. And we all knew that unless he was soon rescued he would perish, if not through the

cold, by the sinking of the scow. This had an ill effect upon some of my crew, for they allowed the trying scene to govern them instead of cool deliberations, for almost at once they began to urge me to launch our boat and make the attempt at rescue. I said to them that it would be impossible for us to reach the scow from where we were, and that I would get as far to windward as I could before I launched. With great impatience some of my crew continued to help draw our boat along the beach ; but a stone wall which projected out from the shore soon caused me to launch. Knowing that I was attempting something very hazardous, I felt that it was my duty to consult my crew before, perhaps, sacrificing their lives in the performance of our duty: so I called their attention to a large body of ice a short distance off shore and extending a long distance both East and West, and asked whether they did not think we had better row along the shore a short distance, which would take but little time, and then we would be more sure of reaching the scow and rescuing whoever might be on board. But some of my crew so emphatically objected to my advice that the rest of us gave way to them, and I continued my course. After going about 100 yards I struck in the ice, which proved to be harder than my crew had imagined. With very slow headway we finally got through it; but as we did, we only entered a small body of clear water, and was soon again obliged to enter the ice. This time, on entering it, I saw that by continuing straight for the scow I would be obliged to go about 100 yards through the ice; but by keeping off a little to leeward I would not have more than 50 yards of ice to go through ; and as we were set so rapidly while in the ice to leeward the latter course would be the most advantageous, so I pursued it. After getting through these two bodies of ice I found that we had

been set quite some to leeward, and that it was now necessary to head well to windward. We found ourselves now out in the full force of the wind and in a high-wind sea; and I knew that it was necessary for my crew to do their very best at their oars, so I told them to keep up a strong and steady stroke. We had not gone far, however, before I saw what our fate was to be, but I did not tell my crew; I continued to encourage them, till they saw themselves where we were getting. I was now heading well to windward, and had been about all the time since we got out of the last ice, but seeing now that we were so near the solid body of ice, which extended from the West end of Coney Island Point clear across to Gravesend Beach, I headed sharp in the wind, but my crew could not hold "their own." The sea being sharp and high, we were slowly but surely going astern, and it was but a few moments before we were not more than 10 yards from the ice, which was acting almost as a solid embankment. The sea coming up to it would rise very sharp and almost break. This looked bad enough for us, for it did not appear possible for our boat to keep from filling instantly when once in it. Through the wind and sea it had been very hard for me to manage my boat, and I was now getting greatly fatigued; still, when one of my crew said he was completely tired out I told him to take the stern and I took his oar, but, as I might say, it was only for a moment, for steadily going astern we were soon in the ice. I had always had a good opinion of our boat in a sea, but her actions here caused me to admire her with a greater admiration than I had ever had for her before. Fortunately, we were driven a short distance in the ice, which cleared us from the worst of the sea. This ice, on the outer edge, was a sponge ice, and I am safe in saying that it was all of 12 feet in depth, and so thick that

we could but just get an oar down in it. We had, while going out, encountered more or less drifting ice, and this kept constantly coming down upon us now. I said to my crew that we would not yet give up, but would try to keep out on the outer edge of the ice, for it might yet be possible for us to accomplish my object. I had a slight hope of the wind dying out a little at sunset, but it did not; if possible, it blew harder. At one time we got well out, and I had some hopes of getting clear, but soon our uttermost endeavors were fruitless, and we were thrown back in the ice, where, in a very few moments, we were so fastened that we could not even move our boat. It was now getting quite dark, but we could see a tugboat coming towards the scow, and we thought perhaps she would see us. We were now in an Easterly direction, and about one-fourth of a mile from the scow, but the tugboat did not apparently see us, for after rescuing the man who was on the scow it returned to New York. This tugboat, as I was afterwards informed, was sent for by a Mr. Furgurson, of Gravesend, who, believing that it would be impossible for us to live through the night out where we were, had sent a message to that effect; but the parties on the tugboat, not seeing us where they expected to find us, and seeing the red light on the scow, went to her and made the rescue of the one man, who was the only person on board. It might be supposed that the tug should have made more of a search for us, but I will say in her behalf that it was impossible, as she was then completely covered with ice, and was getting well down in the water through the amount of ice accumulating on her decks. While watching the tug taking her departure, I felt a sense of thankfulness to know that, even though we had failed to rescue the man, he had been rescued; and I did not regret my suffering that night when I learned that, if not directly,

indirectly we had saved his life. When we fully realized what our position was, it was discouraging enough, for, as I might say, everything within and without was solid ice, for no quicker had a drop of water struck in our boat than it was ice, and there had been many drops to come in; but I shall always feel thankful to some of my crew for their lightheartedness and great store of mirth under the most trying circumstances. At the beginning I told my crew that the night would probably be the longest to us that we had ever witnessed, but to be of good cheer, and we would see it through. All through the night I held up two ways of escape when morning did make its appearance—one by tugboat, the other by the ice bearing us sufficiently to walk ashore on it. The latter my crew had no faith in. Joseph Brown, one of my crew, took to rowing, or going through the motion; this he kept up cheerfully all night, with such remarks as, "Well, Cappy, don't you think we are getting near the beach?" When morning did come, "Brownny" had a small mountain rowed up, through the ice being a little soft. My old friend, James W. Nolan, appeared a little downhearted through the night, but it seemed to be caused wholly by his remembrance of a good pot of beef soup in our station—"If we only had that soup here! ah! boys?" One of my crew began to find a little fault with our situation, but he had uttered but a few words of discontent when Nolan told him that if he did not like his situation, he (Nolan) was sure that I would give my consent for him to go ashore. Nolan's words were spoken in such a manner as to create great laughter, and there was no more faultfinding. William Arend was another among the most jocular, and he would hardly have given a man time to "freeze" if he had wanted to. Some of us had watches with us, but we dared not venture to loosen our clothing to see the time, so it can be ima-

gined how thankful we were when the moon rose in the East, clear and bright, for we knew then it was 4 o'clock (Sunday morning). I now tried the ice, to see whether it could bear me, but I was cautioned against bearing too much weight upon it. I found that it appeared solid, but I did not venture out upon it. Day-break soon making its appearance, I got out on the ice, and found that it held my weight and appeared very solid; and after walking out upon it I wanted my crew to make a start with me for the shore, as I knew their limbs were well stiffened, and the longer they remained in the boat the worse it was for them, but they would not venture out yet. Finally, it getting lighter, we started, with our heaving-line (a small rope, with a piece of lead on one end, used for throwing on board a vessel, &c.,) stretched out, and each man having hold of it about 5 yards apart. After I had got my crew arranged in this manner, I gave the first and last man a boathook, and said, should any man break through the ice, for him to hold fast to the line, and for the others to use their best endeavors to haul him out. We had about $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles to go before reaching Gravesend Beach. We kept up the bay a little, believing the ice to be the harder. All went well until we got near the beach, when one of our men broke through the ice, but he was hauled out so quickly that his body did not get wet, still both of his boots were filled with water. Seeing the ice was poor close under the shore, we went a short distance to the West, where we came to the outer end of a long dock (Cropsey's). This dock being very high, made it difficult for us to get upon it, but by using our boathooks, driving them in the pile so a man could stand upon them, we managed to get one man up, after which we got along better until we came to the last man, friend Nolan, who was rather weighty, and, unable to climb the pile, was obliged to

tie the heaving-line around himself, and then we hoisted him up bodily. The line being very thin, it cut into poor Nolan's flesh pretty well, and this he soon let us know, but we did not stop hauling until we landed him up with us, safe on the dock. We now started in pursuit of something to eat, which I assure you we were sorely in need of. After walking up the dock and reaching *terra firma*, we met a man, of whom we inquired for a hotel, restaurant, or any other place where we could get a breakfast. We were directed to the jovial John Bagaw, whom we soon found, and had actively at work. There is a great deal of material in John's make-up, but there was none of it idle while he helped his "better half" to get a breakfast for us; and when it was ready, what a meal it was! Well, I can only compare it to John himself; it portrayed his very nature! Did we relish our breakfast? Well, I should say we did, and I hardly think that John charged enough to get first-cost back from it. After breakfast we returned to our station, and on the next morning (Monday) went back to Gravesend Beach, where we procured a big wood sled and went out on the ice, cut our boat loose and brought her ashore, and then to our station, with the aid of a horse—that is, we used the horse after we got our boat to the upland. About the only injuries my crew sustained were frost bites, which were rather painful for a short time, I myself being the only one to escape.

In addition to the above statement, I would say: had I been more determined in my action, and done as my judgment taught me, I would, in all probability, have reached the scow and got the man off; but it is very probable that we would have got his clothing wet in doing so, and if such had been the case he would have soon perished. As for ourselves, I feel positive that we would have lain in the ice all night, the same

as we did, only that we would have been nearer Coney Island Point, which, by the way, would not have helped our condition any. Taking all in consideration, I do not regret our undertaking or its results. I would say, the one of my crew who broke through the ice while on our way ashore was Cornelius Ver Plank. He also was one of the 81st New York Regiment boys, and he bore his mishap manfully, as he did many while in the army. The following I still feel grateful to for their kindness in going out on the ice and helping us ashore with our boat: Lewis Potter, George W. Ryder, Nelson Williams and A. W. Aumack; Thomas J. Lord, a young men employed at the Brighton Hotel, also went with us, and he, too, has my sincere thanks.

In our opinion we had done work enough for the season, but that did not appear to make it so; for, on April 16, 1886, at about 5:40 o'clock, a. m., my East patrolman reported to me that he thought there was a sloop ashore on the East (Rockaway) Shoals. I jumped up from my cot and looked through our station glasses, and as I did I saw a sea break against her stern and the spray fly well up in the air. This was enough. I told the patrolman to call up the crew, and I returned to my room and prepared for work, for the wind was E. S. E., fresh, which was against us, with quite a wind sea. As soon as I got my boots, &c., on, I went down stairs and began to see that every thing was in readiness about our boat. My crew soon being ready, we manned our wagon and ran the boat out on the beach. I had already laid out my course. It being high ebb tide, I could launch as quick on the bay side as I could on the surf side, and by launching in the bay I would have the tide with me and smooth water, which was a great advantage, not only in the bay (Sheepshead Bay) but it kept me to the windward, and gave me almost a fair tide the whole of the distance.

All soon being ready, we launched and down the bay we went. Just after reaching the point of our beach, distance about $1\frac{1}{4}$ miles, I saw that the three men who were on the sloop were being taken off by the yawl of the Two Brothers, a steamer plying between New York and Barren Island. After being rescued, the three men were placed on board the sloop Thomas Armstrong. These two vessels were on their way in Jamaica Bay. I arrived near the sloop (Lillie) which was on the shoals just after her crew had been placed on board the Armstrong and hailed them. They informed me that they were coming back as soon as they could get a vessel to come back with, and try to save what they could of the cargo, which was seed oysters. I now landed on the West end of Rockaway Beach, and with my crew walked to the "Rockaway Point Station," where a breakfast of hot biscuits and coffee was given us by the Rockaway boys, for which we were thankful, as we did not wait to get breakfast at our own station. Both of our crews now got in the Rockaway boat and came to our boat; after we had got her off, both boats went to the Lillie. The Lillie's crew soon returning with other help and two sloops, we all went to work and transferred the oysters from the Lillie on board the other two sloops, the tide falling so that it left but little water around the Lillie. After transferring the oysters, we got all of the water out of the Lillie, she having been filled, and at 4 o'clock, p. m., the tide having risen sufficient, got her off, and she was taken up Jamaica Bay by her owner, Capt. Henry Schmeelk, of Canarsie. I now returned to my station, reaching there 5:20 o'clock p. m., having performed a hard day's work, with no dinner, but thankful that we had rendered all the assistance which was possible for us to do. Fortunately, the sloop Lillie was injured but very little, and we saved the most of her cargo. Among

my crew again were the three willing and jovial boys, viz., Nolan, Brown and Arend. This was the end of our season's work, and we were all thankful.

May 1, 1886, the active season being over, my crew took their departure for their respective homes. This left me alone, the order now being that all keepers should remain throughout the whole of the year in their stations, but their families had the privilege of being with them during the inactive season; still, it was only convenient for a part of my family to be with me, and then only at times. This left me alone a great deal. September 1st, 1886, my crew again entered upon active duty, but there were two of my old crew whom I greatly missed, Nolan and Brown, they having got in such employment that they did not wish to leave it.

[Copied from my Station Journal.]

SEPT. 10, 1886.—At about 6 o'clock, a. m., I launched our surfboat for practice, and when about half a mile off shore I noticed a small steamboat aground on the East Shoals (East side of Rockaway Inlet). I immediately headed my boat and rowed towards her, but, on reaching the North end of the West Bar, about 2 miles from my station, I saw the Rockaway Point Station crew leaving the steamer, and as they landed at the point of Rockaway Beach and returned to their station, and as no assistance could be rendered the steamer—which was the Franklin Edson—until the next high tide, I returned to my station, and retained my whole crew at the station, and even at sunset I did not let my two patrols go out, as I did not know but what I would need them to go with me to deliver a message from General Shaler, of the Health Department of the City of New York, to the Rockaway Point crew, or to go to the assistance of the Edson; but near high water she was towed off by a tug that was sent for the purpose. I watched her until she got to the West end of Coney Island Beach, and saw that she was being towed nicely. It was then 7 o'clock, p. m. The Edson had been out with a party of excursionists the day before (the 9th,) to witness the international yacht

race, and, the weather turning out very foggy, had, while returning, got aground on the shoals. At 8.30 o'clock, p. m., the West patrol of Rockaway Point Station reported her signals of distress (whistles) to his station. The crew immediately got ready and went to her assistance. There was a dense fog prevailing at the time, but the crew boarded the steamer, and by making two trips landed her passengers at the point of the beach (Rockaway), 21, I believe, in all. The steamer's crew remained on board all night. When I saw the Rockaway crew leaving the Edson the next morning they had taken provisions to the steamer's crew. The Edson was aground about 200 yards off shore from where the Lillie got on the shoals, the Lillie also getting on during a heavy fog. This was about $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles from my station. The next day, one of my East patrolmen said to me that he believed he had heard the Edson's whistle, but hearing it only once, and that very faint, he had believed that it was a whistle on Rockaway Beach.

MAY 1, 1887.—By order, I forwarded the following for the year ending June 30, 1887:

Number of surfboat drills.....	89
“ apparatus drills.....	43
“ signal drills	63
“ resuscitation lessons	64

I might say here that we (my crew) were given credit for standing “No. 1” in our district (3rd) for drills, &c.

JULY 10, 1887.—I assisted in carrying up on the beach the remains of an unknown man who had drifted in upon the beach. The Manhattan Beach Police took charge of the body.

A TERRIBLE SHOWER AND SQUALL.

JULY 17, 1887.—At 12.15 o'clock, p. m., I was about 150 yards East of my station, when a heavy shower was near, and I noticed a small sloop yacht about one mile off shore, in a Southeast direction from my station. I saw her crew take in her jib and mainsail, but they could not get her topsail down; and while one of her crew was about halfway up her rigging, trying to

get it down, the first part of the squall struck her. Feeling quite sure as to her fate, I ran to my station and went upstairs, but the rain and dust were so dense now that I could see hardly 50 yards off shore. After waiting about ten minutes I could dimly see, with my station glasses, an object off in the direction where I had seen the yacht. From the appearance, I felt sure that it was the yacht capsized. Now there I was, with a noble surfboat in my house, but no crew to man her; still, I had already decided upon my course of action. I immediately ran about a quarter of a mile to the West, where there was a bathing pavilion. I hailed one of the "swimmers," who was out in a small boat, and told him there was a yacht capsized off near the West Shoals, and asked him to come ashore and get me, and if he would, he could go off to her with me, or otherwise I would like for him to let me have a small boat, that I might go off myself. The swimmer looked in the direction that I had named, and said that he could not see any boat off there. I told that I knew there was one, and that I did not want to lose any time. At this another swimmer got into the boat with him, and they said they would go off. They asked me to point out the direction for them to row. I did so, and then said that they had better take me with them; but they answered that they would soon row off. In all probability, they knowing each other and not knowing me, they preferred going together, and for three of us to have gone would, in fact, have been too many. The shower and squall, although very severe, passing over quickly, and it becoming very calm, was fortunate for those who were clinging to a very small portion of their boat which remained out of water; and it was well that I got assistance to them as soon as I did, for they could not have "held out" much longer. There was one of them who could not swim any; the other

two could swim a little under ordinary circumstances, but clinging to their boat, as they had, with the water constantly flying over them and the cold rain pouring down upon them, they were rescued almost helpless. After they were brought ashore I took them to my station and gave them dry clothing from those placed in my station by the Women's National Relief Association. After getting dry clothing on and drinking some hot coffee, which I made for them, they soon began to feel like themselves again. It being flood tide and the wind ceasing to blow, the yacht (Monaitpee) drifted in the bay, and was picked up and cared for. The three young men remained all night with me, and the next day returned to their homes in Brooklyn, thankful that their accident had not resulted any worse than it did.

SEPTEMBER 1, 1887—Entered again upon another active season. All now went smoothly and fortune appeared to smile upon us, until the great "blizzard,"—and a blizzard it was—which came upon us on the 12th of March, 1888 (Monday). The weather had been, the day before (11th), as follows, and the surf at our beach as named :

[*Copied from my Log.*]

Midnight: Wind S. E., light, weather clear, surf smooth.
Sunrise: Wind S. E., light, weather clear, surf smooth.
Noon: Wind S. E., fresh, weather cloudy, surf smooth.
Sunset: Wind S. E., fresh, weather light rain, surf moderate.

Wind, Weather, &c., 12th (Monday)

Midnight: Wind N. E., fresh, weather raining, surf moderate.
Sunrise: Wind N. E. fresh, weather snowing, surf moderate.
Noon: Wind N. W., gale, weather snowing, surf moderate.
Sunset: Wind N. W., gale, weather snowing, surf moderate.

Wind, Weather, &c., 13th (Tuesday).

Midnight: Wind N. W., gale, weather snowing, surf moderate.

Sunrise: Wind N. W., gale, weather cloudy, surf moderate.

Noon: Wind N.W., fresh, weather cloudy, surf moderate.

Sunset: Wind N. W., fresh, weather light snow, surf smooth.

At 6:15 o'clock, a. m., Monday (12th), Frank E. Ford, who was on patrol West, from 4 to sunrise, a. m., after returning from his patrol reported to me that the snow was then deep, and that the storm was very severe; and that he feared that something had happened to William Arend, who was the East patrolman from 4 to sunrise, a. m. I immediately jumped up and was but a few moments in getting dressed and out on the beach with Ford in search of Arend; but we did not go far before we met him, and I could only compare his appearance to the snow men I helped to make when a boy. The snow had that moisture about it that when it once fell upon an object it stayed there. After meeting Arend, we all returned to our station. Although I had been out in the storm but a short time, I had been out long enough to see that it was something unusual, and its indications foreshadowed a storm to surpass any that I had ever witnessed, and I looked forward with anxiety to see its extent. All through the day my crew and myself often looked out of our boat room doors, but so dense was the falling snow that we could not see more than ten yards from us. The storm being such it did not appear safe to send a man out on the beach. Still, I feared there might have been some one out in the bay, and seeing how severe the storm was getting, had made their way toward our beach with the hope of reaching our station. This thought became so prominent in my mind that I proposed to Arend, who I know was always

ready for any adventure, that we go out on the beach and see the extent of the storm. After my proposition we were not long in getting ready. The undertaking was considered not only hazardous, but foolish by my crew, for, said they, "a vessel could not get on our beach if she tried, and there was no danger of us meeting any one on the beach." Still, I did not feel satisfied, sitting in our comfortable quarters, with the thought that there might be some poor unfortunate out on our beach. When Arend and I left the station we went out from the front, but we had not gone more than 15 yards when we found it was impossible to go farther in that direction, and it was very difficult for us to retrace our steps. Still, we did. After getting back to our station we started again, but this time took a course that led over the highest hills. The distance from our station to the surf was about 150 yards, and before reaching the surf we were obliged to rest many times. The snow we found to be the worst to travel through that we had ever seen. We would sink in it at times so deep that we were obliged to lie down and crawl out, and this was not easy to do, either. After reaching the surf we hardly knew whether to venture farther or not, for the whole of our way to the surf had only been accomplished by a thorough knowledge of every hill in our vicinity, for we could not see even ten yards from us. After reaching the surf we went up on the beach a short distance, but found it impossible to walk there; in the edge of the surf was the only place that we could walk, and even there it was none too easy, but we decided to go a short distance to the East; so, with the Northwest gale at our backs, we started. We were soon reminded, however, that we were like a man walking in total darkness. We could see to keep the edge of the surf, and that was about all we could see. We walked for some

time before the wind, but how far we went neither of us ever knew; we only knew that we went too far when we came to walk back, for it appeared that we would never reach the bulkhead, at which place, when we did reach it, we turned up on the beach, and then followed a ridge of hills to our station. Even our station we could not see until we got within about 15 yards of it. When we got into our station our eyes were nearly closed by the ice making to our eye-lashes and eyebrows; in fact our faces were completely coated with ice, but not so hard but what it would break and chip off quite easily, but that upon our eyebrows and lashes was like hard icicles, which we were obliged to wait some time before they would thaw off by a hot stove. After a good rest and getting our dinner, Arend and myself again started—this time to the West. After going about half a mile we returned. We found the snow very deep all over; but in places where it had drifted it was something wonderful. In front of the entrance to the Oriental Hotel it was fully 20 feet in height. At 5 o'clock, p. m., the storm was yet continuing its wild freak, but I wanted, if possible, to make both patrols (East and West), or as much of them as I could, so I took three surfmen with me to the East and sent my No. 1, Abraham S. Mathews, a trustworthy man, to the West, with orders not to venture too far beyond the Manhattan Hotel. Mathews had two surfmen with him. When I left my station, I and my associates left prepared to remain out all night. There was an unoccupied building at the East end of our beach, about $1\frac{1}{4}$ miles from our station, at which place, if we could not get back, we intended to stay; so I told the one man whom I left in the station not to be worried if we did not return. We found, after getting on the beach, that we yet were obliged to walk in the edge of the surf. The storm was yet raging and

the wind blowing a gale, but away we started, with the wind almost sending us on a run or down in the surf.

Ah, what a night along our shore !
Nought to hear but the storm's great roar;
Nought to see but the splashing wave,
As with the snow it then did rave.

After having been carried some distance to the East, along our beach, by the fierce gale, we all began to realize that it required determination to accomplish our undertaking, and that it was no mere pleasure trip; and it was very doubtful whether we could all endure the fatigue of returning. But finally our thoughts were turned from our real object and further meditations by a wild duck jumping up almost from under our feet; but it being so unexpected, we all stood still, and, after it had got out of our reach, said how easily we might have caught it. After going a few steps farther, another got up, and then another, and so on until we got near the east end of our beach. At the getting up of each one of these birds there was a great "charge" made upon them, but always ended by the most of us tripping and going head first in the snow, and, if we got our heads out quick enough, in seeing the duck out of our reach. Those who were fortunate enough to keep upon their feet always had many "ifs." "Why, I could have reached him easy enough, only for your tumbling," and like expressions were often heard, which only made the merriment greater. These wild birds had probably been off to sea, but the storm being so severe, they, while returning, became so fatigued that they were thankful for any resting place that they could get. On our return we were obliged to stop and turn our backs to the wind many times; still, although we were a long time in doing it, we managed to get back to our station. Our West patrol also got back safe after going the full patrol, about 1¼

miles. Our patrol safes being completely snowed under, the next day, during the afternoon, we dug them out, and then renewed our regular patrols; but it was some few days before we could leave our beach. For three or four days the watchman at the Oriental Hotel was unable to get home, at Sheepshead Bay, but fortunately we had a very good supply of provisions in, so he was well cared for.

APRIL 10, 1888—The Rockaway Point Station crew brought Superintendent Arthur Dominy over to my station, and while they were returning, and at about 2:20 o'clock, p. m., boarded the schooner P. S. Lindsay, of Squan, N. J., which had just got on the West Shoals of Rockaway Inlet. The Rockaway crew, seeing that the wind was rapidly increasing from the Southeast, advised the schooner's crew to leave her, which they did. The wind and sea both increasing with great rapidity, the waves were soon breaking all over the Lindsay, and at 6 o'clock, p. m., the wind having reached the force of a gale, rolled up huge billows, and sent them with such force against the broadside of the Lindsay that she was soon a total wreck. While watching her, it was a grand sight. The sea, striking her side, would fly almost in a solid body fully half way to her masthead. We could see now how fortunate the crew were in leaving her as early as they did. The Lindsay's tonnage was probably about 150 tons.

APRIL 14, 1888—At 2:30 o'clock, a. m., Abraham S. Mathews, patrolman, called my attention to, as he believed, a steamer on our West Shoals. Upon looking, I saw, by ranges that I had, that she was just to the West of our shoals. At 5 o'clock, a. m., William Biggs, patrolman, reported to me that he feared there was a vessel on our West Shoals. On looking this time I saw that it was the same vessel that Mathews had called my attention to, and that it was a tugboat with

two dumping-scows, and that they were just to the West of our Shoals. Shortly after, I saw the tugboat leave the scows and go towards New York. The wind soon working around to about South, and breezing up pretty fresh, and the flood tide beginning to run strong, caused the two scows to drag their anchor (they having but one anchor for the two scows) along our shoals in towards our beach, but when they got near the North point of our shoals (West Dry Bar), the tug Dean of Barren Island went to them and towed one to Barren Island. The other one now held to her anchor; but the wind finally working around to the Southwest, swung her in upon the shoals. Fortunately there was no great ground (swell) sea or break; still, the wind beginning to blow fresh, made somewhat of a wind sea. When I saw the turn the wind had taken I was about to board the scow, but just as I was thinking of doing so, a gentleman from a towing company of New York City called at my station and requested me, if I could, to take him where he could get a small tug to tow the scow off. I immediately manned and launched our surfboat and took him to Barren Island, where he made arrangements with Arthur McAvoy, captain of the tug Edith Peck, to tow the scow off on the evening high tide, after which I returned to the East end of our beach; but while returning, what a shower overtook us. At first the rain poured down with its mightiest power, and then hail began to fall; a fresh Northwest wind was now also blowing, which added greatly to our discomfort, but my crew remained at their oars, with the rain at first, and then the cutting hail, beating down upon their bare hands, without a murmur. I asked them whether I had not better board a schooner which we passed by until the shower abated somewhat, but they said no, as they knew I wanted to take advantage of the last of the ebb tide. After

reaching the point of our beach, the gentleman (a captain of a tugboat) that I had taken to Barren Island said as I was going off to the scow he would go with me. After boarding the scow I informed the two men who were on board that I expected to board them again on the coming high water with a tug to try and tow them off; but should they need any assistance at any time, to show a signal. I now returned to my station, reaching there at 5:30 o'clock, p. m. At 7:30, p. m., I again left my station, with my crew, and taking the tugboat captain with us, went to Barren Island. After waiting some time, Captain McAvoy said as the wind was blowing so hard, and there was quite a sea at the shoals, he would not go and run the risk of losing his own boat in trying to get the scow off. The wind now was Southwest, fresh, and the night was dark, but I returned to my station, although my crew had a hard pull of it, as there was a sharp wind sea, with the head wind. We arrived at our station at about 11 o'clock, p. m. The next morning (Sunday, 15th), at about 7:30 o'clock, a. m., in accordance with the arrangements previously made, I again left my station and boarded the scow, and soon had the tugboat Peck, of Barren Island, and America, of New York, with me. As the tide was high, the Peck ran a hawser for the America, who soon towed the scow off. I now returned to my station, reaching there about 9:20 o'clock, a. m.—distance from my station to Barren Island, where we went, about $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles, and from my station to where the scow was, on the shoals, about $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles. These dumping-scows are valued at from \$4,000 to \$5,000, and are used for conveying garbage from the City of New York out to sea. They are towed by tugboats. The tugboat captain whom I took to Barren Island and to the scow, appreciated our services so highly that he made my crew and myself a present of

\$20. This was something not looked for; still, it was very acceptable.

JUNE 11, 1888—Received from Mr. Edmund Morris, of Gravesend, a skiff that by my request I had been authorized to have built for the U. S. L. S. S., at my station. I had, from the first of my keepership, asked for a small boat that I could manage alone; but the head authorities could not see the necessity of my having such a boat until the capsizing of the Monai-tipee (July 17, 1887). Messrs. Hopping and Topping, house movers, came to my station for the purpose of moving it about one mile to the East.

JULY 4, 1888—I rescued two men with my U. S. L. S. S. skiff, who were clinging to their capsized boat in Sheepshead Bay, near the inlet.

JULY 30, 1888—During the afternoon, and at high ebb tide, with the wind blowing fresh from the Southward, I saw a small pleasure yacht get knocked down on her beam-end, across the tide in Johnson's Inlet. She also had the gaff of her sail on one side of her mast and her boom on the other. I at this time was with my son Frankie, aged eight years, in my inactive season skiff (U. S. L. S. S. skiff), at the point of our (Manhattan) beach. Seeing the sad and dangerous predicament they were in, I hastened to their relief. While rowing out against the wind and sea my little boat was pitched and tossed pretty well, and I feared my little son, whom I did not take time to put out on the beach, would become frightened; so I said to him, to sit still, and it would be fine sport for him to be a Life Saving Captain. Although he tried to be pleased with his situation, still I could see him eye each wave and tighten his hold upon the boat as it struck her, and dodge his head as the spray flew over; yet he hardly said a word, but tried to look pleased upon the scene. On arriving at the yacht I asked whether the

lady—there being one lady and two gentlemen on board—had not better get in my boat, and as I did, the lady expressed a desire to do so. After getting her in my boat and seated by my son, which greatly pleased him, I advised the gentlemen how to act, and they soon got their boat headed up in the wind and their sail in its proper place. I now rowed to the point of our beach, where the young lady and my son got out of my boat. As they got out upon the beach, I looked around just in time to see the yacht capsize. I now hastened to their rescue, and after an hour or more hard labor, and getting all of my clothing completely wet through, I got them and their boat to the beach, where the boat was righted, freed of water, and with her party taken up the bay by another yacht. Without my knowledge at the time, they gave my son a dollar bill—that was a fortune to him—they then wanted to pay me for my trouble, but I would not take any pay from them.

AUGUST 11, 1888—The house movers completed the moving of my station, which was 1 mile and 90 feet East of its old site. On this date, also, the Inspector, who had charge of the moving of my station, and myself measured the distance from the front sill of my station out directly in front to ordinary high water mark, and found it to be 244 feet.

AUGUST 13, 1888—At about 5 o'clock, p. m., I saw a yacht with a party of four aged people (three ladies and one gentleman) get aground near Sheepsheads Bay Inlet. I boarded the yacht in my "Inactive Season Skiff," and found the party very anxious to get ashore, out of the stormy and chilly wind which was blowing at the time. Knowing that they would be obliged to remain there until 8 o'clock, or later, if they waited for the yacht to float, I took them in my skiff and rowed them, against a very strong wind and tide, more than a mile distant, to Sheepshead Bay Village. The

gentleman insisted upon me taking pay for my labor, but I refused; still, he managed to leave me some pay, saying that I could "lay in a few cigars to smoke at leisure times." After returning, I assisted the captain in getting the yacht off when the tide rose sufficient, which was about 8:30 o'clock, p. m.

AUGUST 17, 1888—Messrs. Hopping and Topping took their departure, they having completed their contract of moving my station and its appurtenances.

SEPTEMBER 1, 1888—Entered upon another active season. Again another of my best surfmen staying out, Abraham S. Mathews, he finding employment that paid him as well and suited him better, but the season I am proud of.

A season crowned with grand success,
Surfmen with honors no less.
They dared the storms and seas so bold,
And saved all—the young and old.

SEPTEMBER 2, 1888—At about 8 o'clock, p. m., it being very foggy, but calm, I heard a voice off shore calling for assistance. With Arend and Harris, of my crew, I went off to them in my inactive season skiff. I found there were two men in a small sailboat, and through the fog they had lost their way, and were being carried out by the tide. We towed them in to the beach, and then around into Sheepshead Bay, where we secured their boat and took the two men to our station, where they remained all night, and went off on their journey rejoicing the next morning.

SEPTEMBER 3, 1888—At 9 o'clock, a. m., as I was rowing in my inactive season skiff out of Sheepshead Bay Inlet, I saw a yacht, with a fishing party on board, aground on the inner shoals. I continued out and went to them. After carrying an anchor off, and in other ways trying to get the yacht off, but failed, by request of the party, I took them—four gentlemen—to

our beach, from which place they walked to the Manhattan train and returned home, thankful that they had escaped the tedious task of remaining on board aground the greater part of the day, as it was high ebb tide when their boat got aground.

SEPTEMBER 12, 1888—Just after sunset, Joseph Harris, of my crew, called my attention to a gentleman on board a small sailboat in Sheepshead Bay, near the inlet. Harris had assisted the gentleman for some distance while returning from day leave. Seeing there was a heavy shower raising in the West, and that the gentleman was not making any headway with his boat against the tide, and, unless assisted, in all probability would remain out all night, and probably meet with some accident, I launched my inactive season skiff, and with Arend, one of my crew, rowed around in the bay, secured the man's boat and brought him to the point of our beach, where we landed and left our boat, as it was now getting quite dark, and we found it very "rough" (a big sea) while rowing around into the bay. After securing our boat we went to our station, from which place the gentleman walked with one of my patrolmen to the Manhattan Hotel. As the night soon turned out very bad, the wind blowing hard, with a heavy rain, and continuing so the greater part of the night, the gentleman afterwards expressed again his sincere thanks for having been spared its severe pangs.

SEPTEMBER 17, 1888—At about 7:30 o'clock, p. m., the weather being stormy, two men in a small sloop-rigged yacht got aground on the East end of our beach, while coming in the inlet. As the tide was going out, and their boat soon getting hard aground, they threw over their anchor and started to walk to our station; but before reaching the station they were met by my East patrolman, who came back with them. On their ar-

iving I saw the two men's clothing was wet through, and that they themselves were greatly chilled. I immediately gave them hot coffee—our remedy for nearly all complaints—and something to eat, and went to work drying their clothing. After they had got to feeling pretty comfortable, they, in company with my West patrolman, went to the Manhattan Hotel. The two men then crossed over to Sheepshead Bay Village. My East patrolman kept a lookout for their boat through the night. The next day they came and got her.

SEPTEMBER 21, 1888—At 4 o'clock, p. m., I noticed what looked to be a capsized boat at the point of Rockaway Beach, with a sloop-rigged boat by her. Thinking that I might render some assistance, I launched my surfboat and went to her. On my arrival I learned that the capsized boat was the yacht Jennie Havemeyer, and that she had capsized outside of the East Shoals, and that her crew of two men had been picked up by Adam Carman, a fisherman of Canarsie, and the Havemeyer had been towed in to the point of the beach. I then, with the Rockaway Point crew, helped to get her up out of danger; after which, there being nothing else that I could do, returned to my station, reaching there at 8 o'clock, p. m. Distance from my station to the point of Rockaway Beach, about $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles.

SEPTEMBER 25, 1888—At 1 o'clock, p. m., I saw a small boat, with two men in her, on the East side of Rockaway Inlet, and from all appearances they were about to be carried out through the break, which was high. I immediately launched my surfboat and rowed off towards them, but on reaching the West Dry Bar, distance about 1 mile from my station, I saw that they had got back out of danger. After waiting a short

time at the bar, to make sure that they were safe, I returned to my station.

SEPTEMBER 25, 1888—At about 5:45 o'clock, a. m., Joseph Harris, patrolman, called my attention to a sloop on the West Shoals of Rockaway Inlet. As she was lying well aground and easy, I allowed my crew to get their breakfast, and then told them to take something to eat and drink with them, as it would very likely be late before we got back. At about 7 o'clock, a. m., I boarded the sloop, and found it to be the *Mystery*, of Canarsie, with no one on board but her owner, who said that he had been, as he believed, on the shoals most of the night. As he had not eaten or drank anything since early the day before, our visit to him with provisions was welcomed. As he had no bedding or anything whereby he could make himself comfortable in the cabin, the night must have been a dreary one to him. After I boarded him some of my crew fixed up an old stove that he had on board, and soon got him hot coffee, which, with some sandwiches which we had taken, he greatly relished. We carried an anchor off, but were obliged to wait until 11:30 o'clock, a. m., before we could heave the sloop off, at which time there was a strong Northwest wind, which was against us in getting off; but fortunately there was no great sea. After getting the *Mystery* off the shoals we found that she had not been seriously injured, but we remained on board, towing our surfboat, until we got to Barren Island, and then I allowed one of my crew to go to Canarsie on board of the *Mystery*, with her owner; the rest of my crew and myself now returned to our station, reaching there at 3 o'clock, p. m.

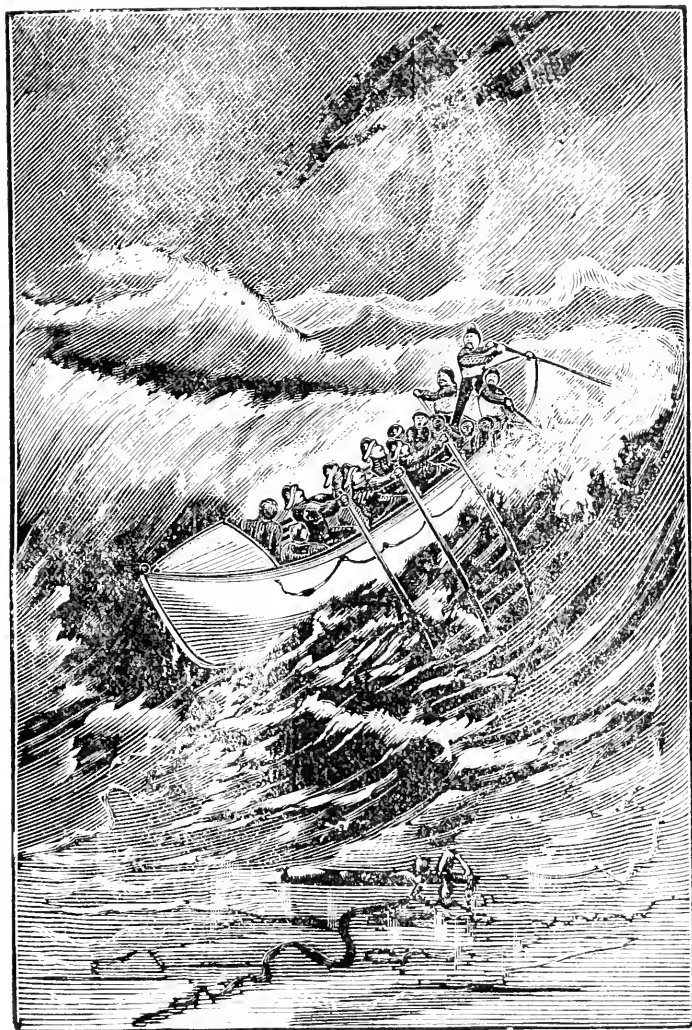
OCTOBER 12, 1888—At 5 o'clock, a. m., my patrolman reported to me that there was a schooner on our West Shoals. I immediately jumped up out of my bed, and on looking saw that we had a hard piece of work to

perform, if it was even possible for us to perform it. I called my crew up and allowed them to get their breakfast, which took but little time, and which I knew would greatly aid them in the performance of their hazardous duty. I now launched my surfboat, and although there was no signal of distress, or person on board to be seen, still I could not see how it had been possible for the crew to have made their escape. After I got off shore about three hundred yards, I saw that it was necessary for me to change my "plans of operation"—for I was being carried too far to leeward—in order that I might know for a certainty what the result would be by continuing. I had urged my crew to use their utmost ability, which they did. On heading my boat back towards our beach, I informed my crew what my intentions now were, and that was to go to Barren Island and get a tugboat to tow me off. After getting back under our beach, and while crossing over to Barren Island, we had comparatively smooth water; yet it was all that my crew could do to row against the East wind, and there was continuously a heavy fall of rain. On reaching Barren Island, I learned that the two tugs which belonged there had both gone to Canarsie. The storm was now raging, and it was only at times that I could see the schooner, but I was determined to use every effort to get off to her. I now returned to the point of our beach, intending to try and get a boat at Sheepshead Bay to take me off; but just as I landed, I saw the little schooner smack, S. Greenwood, like an angel sent from Heaven, standing in, all reefed down, toward our beach. I now manned our boat again and ran off, having the wind with us, to the Greenwood. On reaching her, I was informed that the crew of the schooner on the shoals was clinging in her starboard rigging. I now threw a line to Capt. Greenwood, and asked him to tow me off, which

he did to within about half a mile of the wreck (Richard Morrell). On leaving the schooner Greenwood I had the wind against me, but I again appeared to be favored, for the wind lulled a little. I now cautioned my crew against overexertion, saying that when we got in the break would be the time they would need all of their strength. I also told them that on reaching the break I would be careful to select the best possible place to enter. On arriving at the edge of the shoals, it is true the scene was exciting; for in through the "cobble" break, at the distance of about 200 yards, lay the Morrell, with her crew of five men in her starboard main rigging, and with a tremendous high break coming in from the East, which was fast demolishing the forepart of the schooner. Taking the best course that I could see, and feeling sure that if I could get in to the schooner's stern I could lay there long enough to get her crew, I started, and said to my crew for them to stick to their oars and do the best they could, and that I felt sure we could reach the schooner. This cobble break was a big lumpy sea, heaving in around the shoals from the Southwest, while my course to the schooner was nearly East, and in this way only could I reach the Morrell. I had not gone far, however, before it looked as though we were doomed for fully as bad a fate as those on the schooner, but I gave no thought of turning back. I continued to encourage my crew, who were doing nobly. When we were about half way to the schooner, after entering the break, we met with our worst trouble. I had three seas to watch. There was one which was very large, and I knew that it would strike me heavy; but by heading towards one which was coming in towards my starboard fore-quarter, would cause the former to strike well aft, and glancing, and after passing these two, I felt that I could then turn and meet the one coming in from the

East. When the one that I looked for to strike the after part of my boat curled up, it looked as though it could not help but bury us, so sharp was it that its top was not more than five feet offshore from us, but loomed up above my head about six feet. I was on my knees on the stern of my boat steering, as to have stood up would have been impossible. When this sea did strike, it struck with such force that it appeared for the moment that our boat was completely broken to pieces; the stern part of our boat was for the instant buried, and when the sea passed over it, it was with some surprise that I saw our boat was yet whole. My No. 1 man (Arend) who rowed aft, got the full force of the sea, as I did, but he stuck to his oar like a man, even though he was completely buried. I suppose we took in about three barrels of water of this sea; but there was no time for a thought but the one. My eyes had hardly freed themselves of water when we met the next sea; still, being headed right, our gallant boat nobly rose and passed over it, yet not without making its top fly well over us. After this sea I squared for the Morrell, and my crew gave way with a will, and after meeting and passing nicely over two or three seas coming in from the East, I told my bow oarsman to take in his oar and get our cable ready for heaving, which he did, and when we got near the schooner's stern threw it to one of the schooner's crew, who had got aft. After our cable had been made fast on the Morrell, I saw that it required considerable skill yet to complete our work successfully. The heavy sea which was heaving in from the E., or E. S. E., would break when it got about midships of the schooner, and coming back with such force that I was obliged to pay out on my cable and drop a short distance astern of the schooner, and then watch my chance to get back to her and get one of her crew. As they were so stif-

fened up, at times I would have to drop back several times before even getting one. A great obstacle to my progress was the schooner's yawl, which was bottom up, but made fast to the schooner's stern. This kept two of my crew busy with boat-hooks to prevent our boat from getting against her and being stove to pieces. Finally, getting all of the Morrell's crew in my boat, I gave my bow oarsman (Frank E. Ford) the order to stand ready to cut our cable when I said for him to do so. As soon as a favorable opportunity presented itself I gave the order to cut, and with one unerring stroke of our boat-hatchet our cable was severed clear and clean by my bowman (Ford), and we were again to battle the "lumpy water" and ocean swells. We had already got most of the water out of our boat, which altogether amounted to considerable. After our cable had been severed I gave the order to back water—shove back on the oars—and at the same time I kept my boat's bow at the incoming sea. After getting back a short distance, and at a favorable opportunity, I gave the order for the starboard oars to give way, and the port oars to back, which turned my boat very quickly. After being turned, I sang out for all to give way with a will, which my crew nobly did. Fortunately, in coming out we encountered but a few bad seas, and were not long in running off before the wind to the Greenwood, who waited for us, and towed us back to within about $\frac{3}{4}$ of a mile of our station, from where we rowed and landed the rescued at our beach, all alive but much exhausted. One of the crew we were obliged to partly carry to our station, the rest managed to walk unaided. The schooner Richard Morrell had dragged her anchor during the night, while the wind was blowing almost a gale from the Northeast, from the point of Rockaway Beach across the inlet, and on the West Shoals, South, about $2\frac{1}{4}$ miles



RETURNING.

from my station. The crew had been obliged to seek the rigging for safety at about 3:30 o'clock, a. m., and it was about 9 o'clock, a. m., before I could rescue them. Apparently they had not given it a thought to hoist a signal of distress (anything hoisted in the rigging to attract attention), and they being aft in the starboard rigging (the schooner heading East), with a portion of their mainsail loose, completely hid them from my view. After getting them to my station, which was at 10:30 o'clock, a. m., I soon had dry clothing on them (from those furnished by the W. N. R. A.) and gave them something warm to eat and drink. During the afternoon they had so far recovered that they were able to take a late train from Manhattan Beach to the city. The schooner Morrell, when I boarded her, was all stove in forward, and was soon after a total wreck. The following members of my crew, I think, proved themselves, upon this occasion, to be worthy of mention fully as much as any that ever went in a surf-boat: William Arend, Abram K. Tice, Frank E. Ford, Joseph Harris, and William H. Thomas, Jr.

OCTOBER 17, 1888—This time a more pleasant trip. At 7 o'clock, a. m., I saw the tugboat W. H. Bentley, of New York, having in tow the schooner Hattie Dunn, tonnage (net) 213 90-100, get aground on our shoals, Southeast, about one mile from my station. It being high ebb tide, I knew there was no time to be lost if the tug was to be got off and the schooner prevented from getting on. So I immediately called for my crew to man our boat, and it did not take us long in getting off to the tug. I was about to go after another tug to tow the schooner up when the Bentley, which had been freed of all her water, showed signs of working back, and after a little time, but with great exertions, got off the shoals. I now, with my crew, staid with the tug and piloted her to Barren Island, where she

was bound with the schooner Dunn. I returned to my station at 10 o'clock, a. m.

OCT. 28, 1888 (Sunday)—A creditable piece of work, which surely saved two lives from the "deep." During the latter part of the afternoon of this date a heavy squall came out from the N.W. All of my crew being present at our station, we eagerly watched the passing vessels as the squall struck them, and noted the havoc done. One sloop had her mainsail completely torn out of its ropes; others ran before the wind under bare poles (spars), with their sails whipped to threads; but the one which attracted our attention most was a pleasure yacht, having on board ten or twelve gentlemen. As the first of the squall struck her, the jib was lowered, and she was allowed to come up in the wind, but while doing so she was nearly capsized. Just as she got up in the wind the heaviest of the squall was upon her. This ran the jib up in spite of those who tried to keep it down, and the yacht paid off. Now being under no headway, and the squall so fierce, she was knocked down upon her beam-end so far that her sails were almost in the water. At this we stood with our eyes riveted upon the scene, and hardly drew a breath, our nerves beginning to exercise themselves preparatory to jumping to their rescue, but miraculously, although slowly, she again headed to the wind and righted herself. This astonished us all, and each expressed himself as to how impossible it had appeared. After this the yacht's sails were got in and tied up, with the exception of her jib, which was hoisted, and with which she continued her journey up the bay. Our supper now being ready, we were called into our rear room, which was our kitchen and diningroom combined. All in front of our station was now clear; not a single sail or vessel was to be seen; so we supposed that we could rest easy for the remainder of the day. Just as

we had got seated at our table a heavy gust of wind struck the rear of our house, which fairly made it shake. At this I got up from the table and started for our front door. Some of my crew said to me, as I was going, that I had better stay and eat my supper before it got cold, and that there was nothing to watch in our front; but I had started, so on I went, and as I stepped out of our front door I saw a small sailboat, with two men in her, being driven offshore by the then gale of wind and high sea. But no quicker had I seen them than they saw me and began to wave their hats for assistance. I saw there was no time to lose, so I called out for my crew to man our boat. Although my crew could hardly have believed that their services would be required that day—more especially at the time I called out to them—still they knew by my voice that there was “something up,” so without a word our boat was manned and soon being driven by the fierce wind to the rescue. The wind and sea were so great, that at times it was almost impossible for me to keep control of my boat, and, just before I got to the two men, she did get somewhat the best of me, but I soon got her under my power again, and told my two bow-oarsmen to take in their oars and be ready to assist the two men, but for them not to be too hasty. I then called to the two men in the small boat, and told them to sit still until I came up to them, and that they would have plenty of time to get into my boat. All now appeared to work splendidly, and I just lapped the forward part of my boat on the windward afterquarter of theirs. My two bow-men now assisted them into our boat. We also saved their guns, &c., which they had with them. By the time that we had saved all, the wind had carried the stem of our boat around so that we were all clear of theirs, which was now filling rapidly with water. After getting the two men seated,

which took but a moment, my crew gave way with a will. I had not expected that we would be able to get back to our beach, but thought we might reach Barren Island. After getting the two men in our boat, I said to my crew that we would try for our beach. They, not having been subjected to any hard rowing while going out, pulled nobly, and although each wave, as we met it, cast its heavy spray well over us, we slowly but steadily made headway, and finally got back to our beach, where we were greatly applauded by pleasure-seekers who had safely reached the beach before the first squall; they also picked up our boat and fairly carried her up on the beach for us. We all now went to my station, feeling thankful that the two men had been saved from the ocean's grasp. Their boat, soon filling with water, drifted offshore, but was fortunately picked up two days afterwards and brought ashore, damaged but little. On this occasion I had Richard Wanser, who was a substitute for one of my crew, with me. "Dick" was an old seine fisherman, which accounted for his great ability in handling an oar.

NOVEMBER 18, 1888—Two young men, during a storm, while returning from fishing, and rowing along our beach, about one mile West of my station, getting too near the beach, were picked up by a breaker, and with their boat were thrown unceremoniously upon the shore. One of my crew being near at the time, ran to their rescue, and, with their clothing drenched, which fortunately was their most serious mishap, conducted them to my station; and while their clothing were being dried and they warmed, Harris, of my crew, and myself went to their boat, emptied the water out, launched and rowed her around into Sheepshead Bay, where the two young men took charge of her and returned to Sheepshead Bay Village, thankful that they had been so timely and cheerfully aided.

NOVEMBER 26, 1888—At 12:15 o'clock, a. m., my patrolman reported to me that my surfboat, which I was in the habit of leaving out on our beach, was in danger of being driven off the beach and carried out to sea. I being up at the time, having just changed the dials on the patrol clocks, immediately went out and saw that it was necessary for me to get my boat on the top of a ridge just in front of my station. Calling all of my crew up to help me, I did so. This was one of the many high tides and severe storms that we often had to contend with, our station now being on a beach about $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles in length from the Manhattan bulkhead, and running East and West, and on ordinary high waters about 100 yards wide at the widest parts, on this night, at our station, from the ocean's water to that of the bay in the rear of our station, was not more than 75 feet; and from a short distance to the West of us to to the bulkhead all of the beach was constantly swept over by the ocean's mad and foaming billows.

DECEMBER 5, 1888—At about 1 o'clock, p. m., I boarded the schooner *Ira W. Hover*, of New York, which was S.E. about three-quarters of a mile from my station, but she soon getting hard aground, the sea, which was heaving in, did her but little if any harm. Her crew staid on board of her, and as the tide rose got her off.

DECEMBER 6, 1888—At 10 o'clock, a. m., I saw the schooner *Hattie Chevalier* get aground E.S.E. about three-quarters of a mile from my station. A few moments later I saw her lose her yawlboat. I then launched my surfboat, and boarded the *Chevalier*. The wind had been N.E., fresh, but now suddenly came out from the N.W., and blew very hard. On boarding the schooner I found there was quite a wind sea, but she was lying easy. On learning that the crew of the schooner had nothing on board to eat, I took her captain to Barren Island, where he got a supply of provi-

sions. After returning to the schooner, seeing that I could do nothing then, I returned to my station (1 o'clock, p. m.) At 4 o'clock, p. m., I again boarded the Chevalier, and took her captain and two of her crew to Barren Island, that they might get their yawlboat, as the wind had continued to blow so hard that I could not go to Rockaway Beach, where the yawl had drifted, and get her. On our first trip to the island, arrangements were made for a tug to get the yawl and leave her at the island, which she did, but the oars had been lost out of the yawl, and the wind blowing so hard that we could not tow her, we were obliged to return without her. At 8 o'clock, p. m., I returned to my station, my crew having had a hard day's labor at their oars. On the next day's high tide the schooner floated off and went to Barren Island. The schooner appeared to have had bad luck.

DECEMBER 8, 1888—At about 8 o'clock, a. m., I boarded the schooner Buckley, which had got aground on one of our shoals, S.E. about three-quarters of a mile from my station, and carried her anchor off for her. I then boarded the schooner Nathaniel Jarvis, South about one mile from my station, which had got on the shoals and soon filled with water, her crew leaving her in their yawlboat and going on board of another schooner near-by. There being nothing now that I could do, I had an understanding with the captain of the Jarvis as to how he could signal me if my services were needed. I now returned to the Buckley. My crew and the schooner's crew, partly unloading her by that day's high water, got her off, which was fortunate for her, although hard work for us. I now returned to my station (1:30, p. m.) Dec. 9, 1888 (Sunday), at 7 o'clock, a. m., the wind having been blowing from the East, and the weather now looking as though we were going to have a bad "East storm," I left my station and

boarded the Jarvis, which had been left alone, the other schooner going to New York. On boarding the Jarvis I found no one on board of her, but shortly after her captain came from on board a passing schooner, which he had gone up the bay with, the night before. It had been his intention to try and stay in his yawl, near the Jarvis, but as it was raining now, and the weather looking so bad, and there being quite a sea around the Jarvis, which was washing all over her decks, we, after securing everything that we could on board, took him (the captain) to our station, where he remained until 3 o'clock, p. m., when he left and boarded another schooner, which had been sent to get the Jarvis off or dismantle her. She was finally got off and taken to New York.

DECEMBER 31, 1888—At 11 o'clock, a. m., I saw the schooner G. Downing get aground on one of our shoals, E. S. E., about half a mile from my station. As she soon listed over badly, I feared she would fill with water; so I, with Ford and Thomas of my crew, boarded her in my inactive season skiff. It was raining hard at the time, and the wind was Southwest, fresh, which made a bad wind sea. On boarding the schooner, and looking around, I was of the same opinion as that of her captain—that she would rise with the tide. On taking my leave, I informed the captain that I would come off to him with my crew at any time, could I be of service to him, and all that he need do was to hoist anything in the rigging. After the tide had risen somewhat, the schooner floated off with, as I believe, very little damage.

MARCH 2, 1889—At 1 o'clock, p. m., Ford, of my crew, (he being on day duty) reported to me that there was the remains of an unknown man on our beach, who had drifted in with the tide. I went with my crew and carried the remains up above high water-mark,

and then reported the circumstances to the civil authorities of the Town of Gravesend, who took charge of the body, which, as I was informed, was never identified, although the features, &c., were well preserved.

MARCH 14, 1889—Took full charge of this schooner ourselves, and sent her to New York. At 1 o'clock, p. m., I boarded the schooner Annie V. Willis, which was aground Southeast, $\frac{3}{4}$ of a mile, from my station. On boarding her I was informed that she had lost her heavy anchor, and had nothing but a very small one out. I now, with the schooner's crew and my own, tried to find the heavy one by dredging for it, but could not. The captain then informed me that he intended to stay near where he was until the next morning, after the schooner was got off. This I did not think wise, as there was every indication of a bad storm near at hand. But I said nothing; still, I did some thinking. Finally we got the schooner, and heaved her up to her anchor, then, in a jolly way, we began to make sail on the schooner. I having told my crew of my intentions, in a very short time, without a word being said as to what was to be done, the anchor was heaved up and the schooner paid off on the port tack, and, with a good stiff breeze, down out of the inlet we went, with one of my crew (Ford) at the wheel. After getting well out, and where the schooner could soon be "squared" with a good run for New York, my crew and myself jumped in our boat and bid the schooner's crew and captain adieu, who were enthusiastic in their expressions of thanks. The wind working around a little more to the East made a bad storm of it that night, which continued all the next day, the wind blowing a gale; and it was quite evident that had not the Willis—which made a safe run to New York—got away as she did she would have gone to pieces on the

shoals, or dragged to sea, where she and her crew would have been lost.

MARCH 22, 1889—At 12 o'clock, m., I boarded the sloop Chief; which was on our West Shoals, South, about one mile from my station, loaded with 1,500 bushels of seed oysters, which were worth 70 cents per bushel. After boarding the Chief I carried off an anchor for her, and then was obliged to wait until 3 o'clock, p. m., when three small sloops came from Rockaway, on board of which we went to work and placed about 600 bushels of oysters from the Chief. As we were obliged to handle these oysters at a great disadvantage it made our work very laborious. As the afternoon advanced, and while we were yet hard at work, it looked at one time as though we were to have our "hands full." One of the little sloops which we had loaded started up the bay, but after getting about $\frac{1}{4}$ of a mile from us encountered a very bad sea, and at times it appeared that she was completely buried beneath it. So sure was I at one time that she was doomed to go to the bottom, and remembering that it was my duty to save life before property, I called for my crew to stand ready to man our boat; but at this very time there was a large schooner being towed in our main inlet, and she had got aground and was being so knocked about by the big sea that was then sweeping in over our outer shoals that it did not appear possible that she could hold together; and the tug which had been towing her looked as though she would go to the bottom every moment. Such now was the scene that we would have sprung instantly to the rescue of either, only for the other—the two holding us in suspense for a moment. We then watched them both calmly, and saw them slowly work out of their perilous positions and proceed safely on their journey. We now resumed our

work on the Chief, thankful that we had not been obliged to leave her. At 5:45 o'clock, p. m., and at about high water, with nearly a gale of wind from the South, blowing in a portion of her sail, which we had hoisted, and with a big sea to aid her, she very slowly worked off the shoals, which was very fortunate, for, had she not been got off as she was, much if not all of her cargo would have been thrown overboard in order to have saved her. A run to our beach, with many ups and downs. On leaving the Chief to return to my station, the tide being high and the wind having increased to about a gale, made a big sea—in fact, the biggest, I think, that I ever saw in that locality—but as the wind was blowing directly towards our beach, we were not long in running that mile; but I tell you we found the course rough and tempestuous. On nearing our beach, and night beginning to set in, I hardly knew how our landing would end, as I could see nothing but a foaming break ahead of me; but steering for a part which I thought would be the best, and watching my opportunity, I landed high and dry upon our beach, and then was not long in getting to my station and taking a rest, which we all greatly needed.

APRIL 13, 1889—An act of my crew which I shall always feel proud of: The weather being good, at noon I left my station and took the 12:30, p. m., train from Manhattan Beach and visited my family. When I returned, at 6:30, p. m., I found four strangers at my station, and learned the following facts: Nathaniel E. Baldwin, who was out on our beach, about 400 yards East of our station, heard cries for help. On looking around, he saw a capsized boat. He immediately ran towards our station, but had only gone about 100 yards when he saw John R. Skidmore, whose attention he called to the boat. Skidmore instantly ran in the house (station) and gave the alarm. The crew then

picked up our inactive season skiff and ran with her across the meadows, in the rear of the station, to the Sheepshead Bay channel, where Abraham K. Tice, Joseph Harris and William Biggs jumped in the skiff, and were but a few moments in reaching the parties and rescuing them. Tice, who "pulled" the men in over the stern of our skiff, said he thought our little skiff would be sunk when he got hold of one of the unfortunates, as he weighed 250 pounds. The rescued men gave to me the highest praise of my crew, and said, only for their extraordinary quickness, all would have been lost, as they were so chilled that they were helpless. Their boat was bottom up, and her mast-top resting on the bottom, prevented her from drifting inshore sufficient for the men to save themselves. Two of the four men, I believe, said they could swim a little, but after getting chilled were afraid to make the attempt. The weight of the men had their boat under water, and had they been left five minutes longer in the water, two, if not all of them, would have been lost. After being rescued they were taken to our station, where dry clothing was put on them, and, with other good treatment, they were enabled to return to their homes that night. I will now give the names of all of my crew at this time, and will add that for this, as well as for many other noble deeds of theirs, they deserve great credit: William Arend, Abram K. Tice, William H. Bush, John R. Skidmore, Joseph Harris, Nathaniel E. Baldwin and William Biggs.

MAY 8, 1889 (inactive season)—Seeing a small sloop-rigged yacht (Jennie Horstman) get aground, East, about half a mile from my station, and it being near sunset, and ebb tide, I went to her, and, after a few moments with her owner got her off; after which I remained on board and piloted her up Sheepshead Bay, for which I received sincere thanks.

MAY 25, 1889—Just after sunset on this date I returned from Sheepshead Bay, and felt somewhat fatigued, as I had rowed up the bay and back hurriedly, distance both ways about three miles, with a strong tide against me going up (ebb tide), but as I returned I saw a small sailboat, S. S. E., about half a mile from my station. At this time there was no wind, and the two young men, aged 14 and 18 years, respectively, who were in the small boat were trying to paddle ashore with a small piece of board, they having no oars, but the tide running out so strong they were rapidly being carried out to sea. The weather now was looking very stormy, and I knew the night would soon set in exceedingly dark, so I went off to their aid. After reaching them, one got in my boat with me and helped to tow their boat in. We had a hard pull, but finally got in the bay. The two boys then proceeded to their landing place, which was but a short distance, and I returned to my station. The night now was very dark, and the rain began to fall, with the wind springing up fresh from the East. As I reached my station and looked offshore, how thankful I felt that I had been able to get them ashore safely. They were inexperienced boatmen and lived in the city (Brooklyn), and had been out taking a sail; while going down the bay and out of the inlet, having the tide with them, they got along nicely, but when they tried to get back against the tide, with hardly any wind, they found quite a difference in the speed of their boat.

JUNE 16, 1889 (Sunday)—At about 1 o'clock, p. m., I saw the steamboat Eliza Hancock get aground, E. S. E., about $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles from my station. With my son, Harry C. Ryder, aged 18 years, I boarded her; but her passengers, or most of them, had just been taken off by the tugs Dean and Peck. After taking soundings for the captain, and advising him as to his course after

the steamer floated, I returned to my station, having the tide against me both ways, which made a hard row of it. The Hancock floated off at 6:15 o'clock, p. m. She was carrying parties between New York and Rockaway Beach.

JULY 4, 1889—At about 3:15 o'clock, p. m., I saw a small sailboat, the Lillie, with a lady and a gentleman on board, trying to get in Sheepshead Bay Inlet against the tide, but the tide was running so strong they could make no headway against it, so I went off to them—East, about quarter of a mile from my station—and managed to get their boat to the point of our beach (Manhattan). As a heavy shower had just passed over, and the two occupants getting somewhat wet, they wanted to hire me to take them in my boat to the rear of the Oriental Hotel. I told them that I was not to be hired, but would willingly row them up the bay, which I did after securing their boat. Distance to the hotel about $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles.

JULY 22, 1889—Seeing a small tugboat, the Eva Parker, running too near the beach, and evidently trying to go into Sheepshead Bay Inlet, but did not know the way, I launched my boat, and, with my son, H. C. Ryder, rowed off towards her. The wind at the time was Southwest, fresh, which made quite a sea. The Parker, which had got aground, but had got off again, now came and met me, and Captain Williams asked me to come on board, which I did. After getting on board I was asked whether I could take the Parker in the inlet. It was now about half tide (ebb), and I knew there was none too much water to get in with, but I said I would try; so I ran the tug offshore a short distance, took my ranges, and went in the inlet and all the way up the bay without mishap.

JULY 28, 1889—At 12:30 o'clock, p. m., I saw the catboat Lillie B, capsized, Southeast, about half a mile

from my station. I immediately launched my inactive season skiff and went to her; but just before I got to her a passing yacht picked up her crew of four men. I afterwards, with her captain, got her to the beach, righted her and freed her of water. Her captain, then, through over-exertion, becoming very faint and dizzy, obliged me to take him in my boat to my station, where after about an hour's time, he so far recovered as to be able to go up Sheepshead Bay in a yacht that had come for him. This yacht also towed the Lillie B up the bay.

AUGUST 2, 1889—In my inactive season skiff I boarded the yacht Nettie, Southeast, about quarter of a mile from my station, which had got aground with a pleasure party on board. After about twenty minutes' hard work we got the yacht off, and she proceeded on her journey up the bay with her party feeling thankful.

AUGUST 5, 1889—Boarded the scow Mamie Alice, which got aground while being towed in, East, about quarter of a mile, from my station. She was loaded with about 500 tons of half-inch stone. For three days I rendered good assistance to her captain. She was finally got off after being lightened, and was then taken up Sheepshead Bay.

AUGUST 16, 1889—At about 6 o'clock, p. m., I saw the sloop yacht Ioman get aground, Southeast, about quarter of a mile from my station. As there was quite a sea where the Ioman grounded, I immediately boarded her in my skiff. After working very hard for about $\frac{3}{4}$ of an hour we got the yacht off and went in Sheepshead Bay with her. As her captain, who was also her owner, had been taken sick, and he being alone, he was running in the bay for the night. Under the circumstances, more especially my services were highly appreciated.

SEPTEMBER 15, 1889—Plenty of hard work, but inter-

mingled with some pleasantry. At about 7 o'clock, p. m., I saw the schooner M. W. Klots come in our (Rockaway) West inlet. The evening setting in very foggy, I lost sight of the schooner at about 8 o'clock, p. m. She was then S. S. E., about 1 mile from my station. At midnight, the fog lifting somewhat, I saw an anchor light (a white light in the fore rigging) in the direction where I had last seen the Klots, but thought nothing of it, as vessels often anchored there. September 16, at 6 o'clock, a. m., Nathaniel E. Baldwin, who was on patrol from 4 o'clock to sunrise, reported to me that he thought the schooner was aground. On looking, I, too, felt satisfied that she was; but as there was but little sea, and the tide beginning to rise, I believed she would soon float off. So I went to the Post Office and mailed my weekly report, and on my way back changed the keys in my patrol safes. This I usually did on Mondays, but on my return I could see that the schooner was still aground and listed considerably to port. I had, from the first, made all haste possible, but the distance from my station to the Post Office was fully $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles, so the walking of 5 miles consumed a little time; still, I was back and launched my surfboat at about 8 o'clock, a. m., and in about 20 minutes time was on board the schooner. On arriving I found her captain, George C. Rhoe, and crew of two men beginning to throw her cargo overboard, which was 55 tons of coal, most of which was on deck. I immediately, with my crew, began to help the schooner's crew. At 10 o'clock, a. m., the tug Dean came and tried to tow the Klots off—we then having the coal mostly off—but could not. I then returned with my crew to my station. At 2:20 o'clock, p. m., (Sep. 16), I again boarded the Klots, but could not do much until 5 o'clock, p. m., when we began pumping with two pumps. The tug Dean coming shortly after, two more

pumps, and, I believe, 18 colored men from Barren Island, making 28 men of us altogether. We now went to work with great energy, some pumping and some throwing water out with pails, but the leakage was so great that our progress was slow. Still, after working through, at times, a dense fog, misty rain or almost total darkness, we had, at 9 o'clock, p. m., got the schooner freed of water sufficient to place 45 empty barrels in her hold. As the tide soon began to wash over the schooner decks, it had been thought that these barrels would float the schooner, but as they did not, it was believed that they buoyed sufficient for the Dean to tow her off, so she tried it, but it was soon found that she was unable to move her. We now decided to leave her for the night; and now came a job for my crew and myself: The Dean was obliged to lay off about 100 yards from the schooner, and I had to ferry the workmen from the schooner to the tug. This was no easy task as the night was very dark, and there was a big sea. While working we had kept the colored men singing most of the time, which they did willingly, and which greatly amused; but after giving up work they began to realize their situation, which looked to them perilous enough. At first they were afraid to leave the schooner and get in my boat, seeing how she was jumping in the sea, but as the sea was now washing all over the schooner's deck they were also afraid to stay there. Finally, by making three trips I managed to transfer them all safely; then they were afraid the tug would sink, and wanted me to stay with them, but I assured them that they were safe on the tug, after considerable talking. I had my compass with me, but knowing how the wind was I went by that instead of using my compass. At first, while crossing a bar, we had it very rough, but after that the seas were longer and we soon reached our beach and

landed safely. It was now 10:20 o'clock, p. m. September 17, at 2 o'clock, p. m., the tug Dean tried to tow the Klots off, but only could tow her a short distance. I did not at this time go off, as the wind was blowing almost a gale from the south, and Mr. Rhoe, captain of the Dean, not signalling me, as he was to have done if I was needed. At midnight the Dean tried again to tow the Klots off, but could not. September 18, at 10 o'clock, a. m., I boarded the Klots and carried off an anchor, and did other work for Capt. Rhoe, and then returned to my station. At 1:20, p. m., I again boarded the Klots, ran a hawser and otherwise assisted the two tugs, Dean and Peck, which, after trying very hard, failed to tow the schooner off. September 19, at 12:30, p. m., I left my station, and, with a fair (West) wind blowing very hard and a high wind-sea, I soon boarded the Klots, which was now Southeast, about $\frac{3}{4}$ of a mile from my station, she having been carried a little by the flood tide. We now placed twenty more barrels in the schooner's hold, and at about 3 o'clock, p. m., the Dean tried to tow her, but could only get her a short distance offshore, and was then obliged to leave her, as the ebb tide began to run strong. The wind continued to blow very hard and the sea kept high, but my crew rowed our surfboat against it, and we landed on our beach at about 4 o'clock, p. m. September 20, at 2:30 o'clock, p. m., I boarded the Klots, and at about 3 o'clock, p. m., the Dean towed her off and up to Barren Island. I accompanied her, fearing an accident might occur, but there did not, which we were all thankful for, as the Klots had given us considerable labor already. The barrels which we had put in the schooner's hold buoyed her equally, and she went up to the island as nicely as could be wished for, with her deck even with the water. After docking the schooner at the island, Capt Henry Rhoe, with his tug

Dean, towed us in our boat back to within half a mile of our station; we then rowed the rest of the distance, returning to our station at about 5:30 o'clock, p. m. While returning we had a very hard wind against us, and a high sea to contend with—which was the case generally all through while attending to the Klots—but, through the great perseverance of all, the schooner was saved from being a total wreck. She was, before getting aground and sinking, valued at fully \$1,200, and it was thought that her damage would not exceed \$600. So, even though we had considerable trouble with her, we always felt proud of our labors when seeing her sail by.

SEPTEMBER 30, 1889—Took my departure from the service, having served two years as surfman and little over four years as keeper, and it is with pride and thankfulness that I think of my past services as a life-saver; proud of what I achieved, and thankful that none suffered for the want of aid within my reach. To those who served faithfully under me I shall always cherish the fondest remembrance. While I have not in any way tried to give my statements a flowery cast, I will say that many acts on the part of some of my crews have been indeed gallant, and to all lovers of manliness their names will always be as welcome as is the haven light to the mariner. Although I had no vessel to use the beach apparatus on, still I think my statement concerning its use is as clear as though I had given the account from actual service.

In reference to the service, past and present, I will say that it has gradually improved, not so much as to the appliances placed in the stations, but as to the men employed. I might recite here a story I heard some years ago, and I do not doubt but what many similar incidents occurred: Two men belonging to one station—we will call them Smith and Brown—went one

day with their horse and cart up the beach. While there they partook pretty freely of their "whiskey straight," which was their custom whenever an opportunity afforded. The night being very dark, and the tide high, while they were returning, would probably have made it difficult for them only for their faithful animal; still, at one time Smith was awakened from his quiet thoughts, and began to doubt his (the horse's) knowledge of safety. They were crossing a low part of the beach, and the sea sweeping over with great force was nearly carrying horse, wagon and occupants with it high up in the hills. Smith seeing the seas dash up against the wagon, asked Brown where he was going. Brown was supposed to be driving, but in fact the horse was not driven at all; the reins were slack, and the horse was taking his own road or way, which, fortunately or unfortunately, he had often traveled and knew well. "Where am I going? straight for Sandy Hook, by G—!" replied Brown. Sandy Hook was offshore. "Well, go on, then, if you want to," answered Smith, and at the same time he managed to get out of the rear part of the cart, and went back to a dry part of the beach. Brown soon coming to dry land or sand, stopped the horse and called for Smith, who after some trouble succeeded in crossing and getting in the cart again. They now continued their journey without further mishap. On reaching their station they got their horse in the stable and then went in. Whether they were really hungry, or from habit, they sought for something to eat, and soon found the dinner-pot. "Come Brown, the boys had soup for dinner and they have left some for us," said Smith. Plates, &c., were got on the table, and the "soup" dished up. The two now sat down to their meal and apparently relished it, or a part of it, as their following words will show: "I say, Brown, how do

you like the soup?" "Good, Smith, good." "Yes, Brown, the soup is good, but I tell you the beef is as tough as h-ll." The soup was the dish-water left in the pot, and the beef was the dish-cloth. This story may sound a little "fishy," but it was told to me as a candid fact; and coming from the source it did, I believed it; and I know of fully as ridiculous incidents that happened in my own station during the first part of my service; but I believe now those days are over, and I hope never to return.

When I was first appointed Keeper I had it understood that I would never allow a man to remain in the service if he came into the station drunk; and I will say—which is creditable to those who served under me—that not one of them ever came into our station under the influence of liquor sufficient for me to detect it, and I would not be slow in making the detection. It has been said that I was too strict, but I have never been able to see where I was. I always required a reasonable amount of morality and performance of duty, which was never an injury to any one. My Station Journal still shows the many patrols I did for the different members of my crews, also the truthfulness of my within statements. I might state here what I believe should be done, and if done would advance the service to a much higher standard in every respect. Keepers should receive \$900 per year and surfmen at the rate of \$800. This would reach and keep a better class of surfmen. In some of our stations, if not the whole crew, one man by all means, should remain with the keeper during the inactive season, and every station should have a small boat like or similar to the one I had built for my station. Launching and practising with surfboat, drilling with beach apparatus, resuscitation lesson and Code signals, should not be neglected, especially the surfboat, although all are of great im-

portance. Great care should also be taken in regard to patrol duty; gunning, fishing, &c., should be encouraged, but governed with care; good discipline should be enforced, and all men treated with the greatest of fairness. By all means, the crew should consist of seven men (surfmén) during the whole of the active season. Whatever asked for by keepers should be carefully considered. Men who serve faithfully for the best part of their years, or are injured in the service, should be recompensed, also the heirs of those who lose their lives in the performance of duty. Recompense should be in accordance with disability. I believe those who are conversant with and interested in our Life-Saving Service will acknowledge my views to be right, and if carried into effect would bring about great good, even in many minor things.

MY PRAYER.

Oh! Lord, my God on high,
Do not pass the sailor by,
But guide his thoughts towards Thee
While on land or on the sea.

Be his Captain ever;
I pray Thee leave him never;
A noble heart has he,
Our sailor, the gift of Thee.

On shore from ocean's deep,
From the dens do Thou him keep,
For no seas do compare
With the dangers lurking there.

If the sea should be his grave,
Do his soul, I pray Thee, save;
If on earth his tomb should be,
Take his soul, dear Lord, to Thee.

Our surfmen, Lord, I pray,
Care for them in every way.
When their duties here are o'er,
Take them to Thy peaceful shore.

Our soldiers, too, O Lord, do guide;
Class them with our nation's pride;
Let their lives, while here be,
"Not for self, but all for Thee." Amen.

My sketches of shoals, &c., in the vicinity of my station were not made with any pretensions to regularity; still they show, in a general way, the difficulties of getting in our inlets, and how dangerous our outer shoals are to vessels bound for New York which happen, in thick and bad weather, to get a little to the Northward of their course. The most of the Inner Shoals run bare on extra low tides, also a large portion of the West Shoals. A few years ago the North end of the West Shoals was, as I might say, always out of water, but of late any ordinary high water covers it all. At times, during a bad storm, the sea is very high even on the most inner shoals, and no vessel can last long on our outer shoals, even when the sea is breaking far from its highest. From my station to the nearest point of the West Shoals, or "Dry Bar," as the North end was called, was nearly one mile. Where I boarded the schooner Morrell, on the West Shoals, was well out. On these shoals there have been many wrecks, and many sad and, I might say, gallant scenes.

Rockaway Point L. S. Station lies about $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles East of the point of Rockaway Beach. Our stations are so located that there is no dangerous part of our beaches but what they are patrolled every night and thick stormy days, and during clear days watched by the day duty man. During extra bad storms two patrolmen go together, or they are doubled up, as the term is; and even then no one knows how difficult it is to make the patrols, only those who have had the duty to perform. During a dark, stormy night, with snow, rain or hail beating in their faces, and the tide high, causing them to walk on the roughest part of the

beach, with nothing to guide them but the splashing sea, as it breaks upon the beach, it is no easy task, and it requires great will and determination to accomplish it. Many a fall has the patrol had over old logs, &c., and even some have had their legs broken; one I heard of had his leg broke, and was obliged to lie all night in the snow. I often think how happy must be the thought to the mariner that our beaches are so well watched, and I will say that they should be well versed in our appliances for saving life.

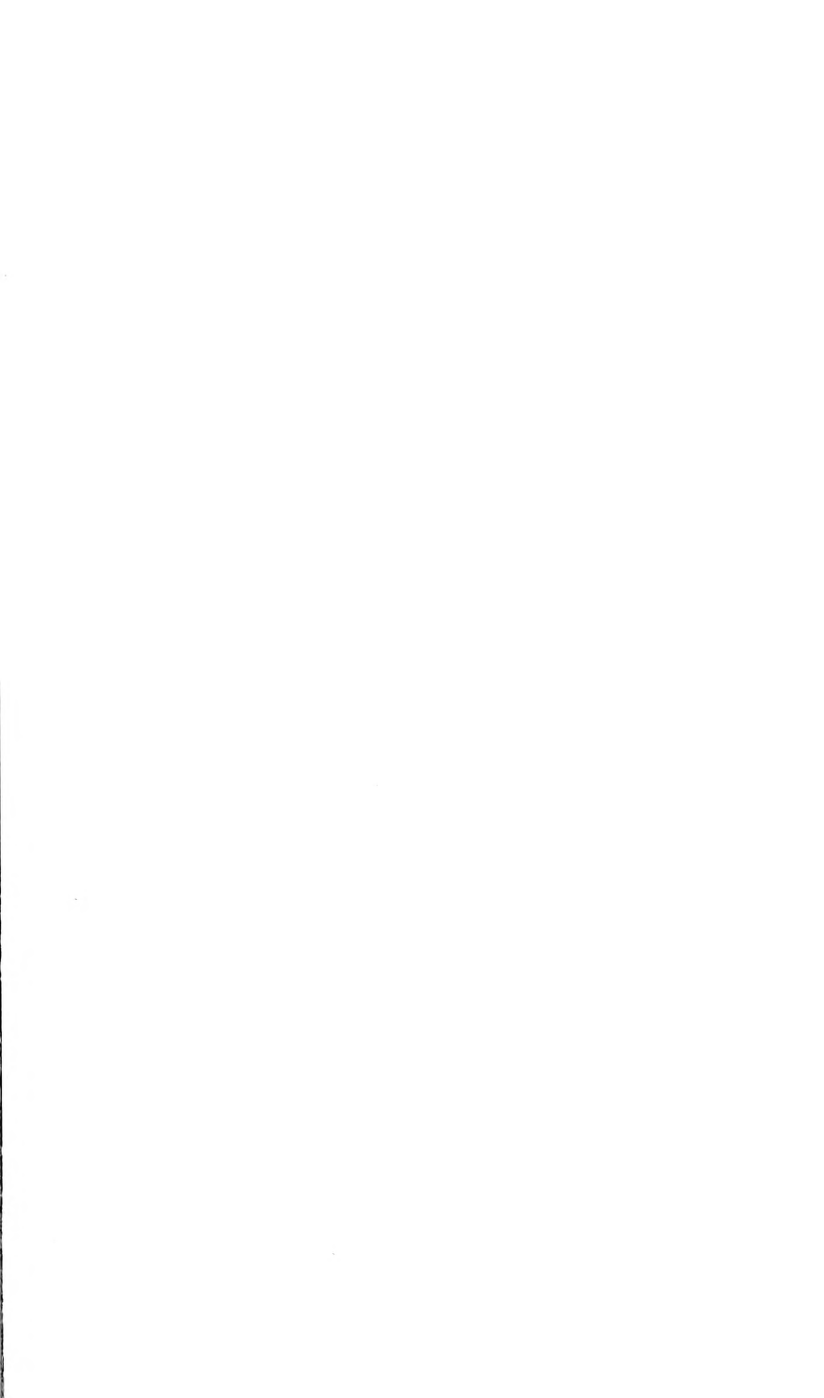
I might say here, that only a few years ago a foreign vessel got on one of our beaches, and after considerable labor and trouble a life-saving crew managed to shoot a shot, with the line attached, on the vessel's deck. Other shots had been fired, but they all fell short, the vessel being well offshore, and there was a tremendous big break on the beach. As the life-savers saw their shot reach the vessel they felt jubilant, but in a moment, to their astonishment and dismay, they saw one of the vessel's crew pick up the shot and throw it overboard, thereby breaking the connection. The sailor probably thought the shot would explode, and I do not doubt but what he was applauded by his ship-mates for his brave deed. Fortunately, by great perseverance on the part of our life-savers, the vessel's crew were saved.

A word to the life-savers: Do your duty, boys, and it is my prayer that the Lord will help you.

THE END.

RD 1.04

ERRATUM.—On page 132, 11th line, for “Mr. Arthur Downing” read “Mr. Arthur Dominy.”





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